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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE PLAIN OF NAPLES, THE GREAT ITALIAN CITY WHICH IS NOW IN OUR HANDS, AND MOUNT VESUVIUS—a remarkable picture, made by a photographic reconnaissance plane of the N.W. African Air Forces, which shows the whole of the recent battlefield

This fine picture was taken from several thousand feet above the plain which, only a few days ago, was a battlefield. Mount Vesuvius (itself 4,000 ft. high) lies well below the aircraft to the left, its lava strewn slopes prominently displayed. Towards the upper right lies the great city and naval base of Naples, now firmly in Allied hands; further up the coast lies the Peninsula which points to the island of Procida, only four miles from the mainland, which was occupied on September 18. In the immediate foreground and centre of the view is the flat terrain over which the Allied forces made their approach to Naples. The bay of the same name is shown in its completeness in this picture: the Bay of Salerno, where our landings were made, lies out of the view to the left, just "round the corner," as it were

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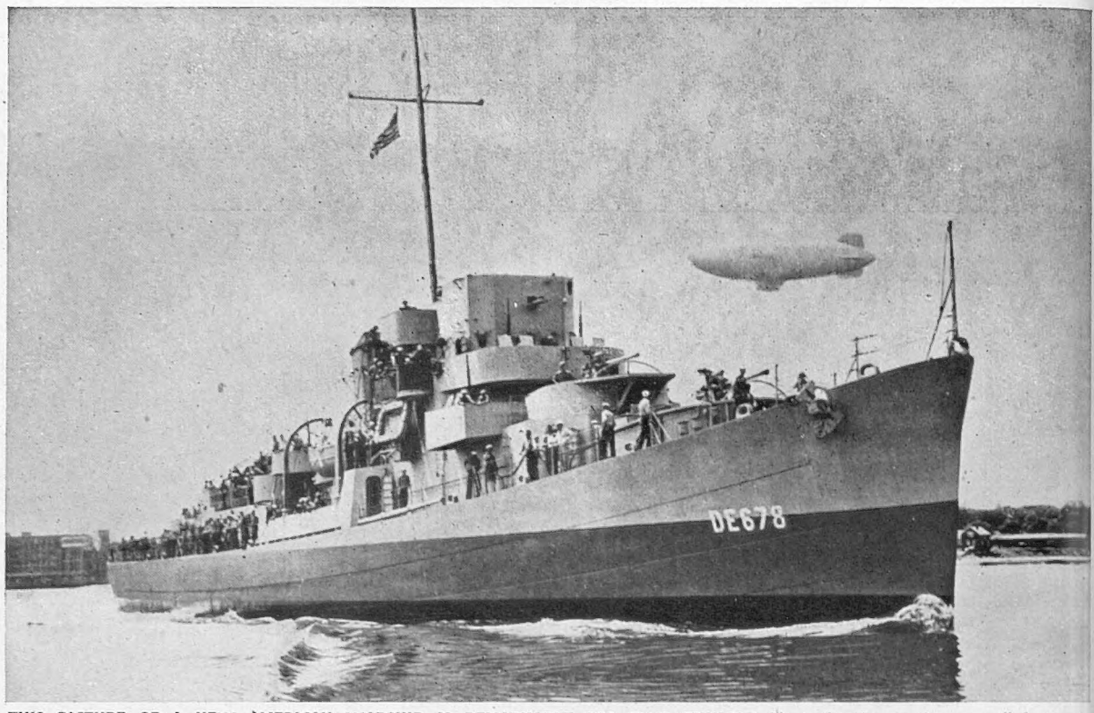
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 214

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Of Strikes.—The wave of strikes in industry is certainly an unpleasant feature, the ugliness of which is not to be minimised. No doubt, too, it is symptomatic of something, but whether something local or universal is another matter. If one thing is certain about these strikes it is this: the less said about them by people who do not know all the facts—the better. If ever a journalist should ca' canny and restrain a tendency to outshine the angels, and to make pronouncements and wisecracks, it is on this subject. It is so easy to be petulant and cynical. Some of us remember the day quite well when an agricultural labourer might bring up his family on 17s. a week. Compared with that, a minimum wage of £7 a week (£350 a year) looks good. No man in wartime surely (says you) would down tools to secure a few shillings rise on this minimum, when his comrades at the front . . . and so on. On the face of it, no doubt, it is difficult to defend those who strike at this critical juncture. But which of us (outside the localised areas) knows the conditions, or knows the slogans which may be influencing, or the petty suspicions and annoyances irritating, the men concerned? If Britain were a highly educated nation——but it isn't. And won't be for decades to come. Meanwhile, half Britain follows slogans and intellectually and rationally still challenges an oblique comparison with the Gadarene herd. All we can say of these strikes is that they are grievous, and seriously affect war output and the waging of war, and that they appear to throw a sombre light on the discipline of trade unions to-day; almost to suggest the seeds of anarchy and break up within those once well-organised, disciplined and well-led ranks. We certainly cannot pronounce on the symptoms and the causes individually. Yet in an attempt to find a wider cause we are on surer ground. There stares us in the face a reasonable cause of this trouble and much more trouble, friction and bitterness and misunderstanding, at home and abroad, among sworn allies and true friends. We have been four years *at war*—total, all-out war.

Smolensk: Tolstoy and His Theories.—I have been re-reading *War and Peace* for many weeks past, and I reached the point when Napoleon's doomed army passed again through Smolensk and took the road through Orsha in its catastrophic retreat on the very day on which Hitler's Grand Army took the same melancholy route. The campaign of 1812 has often been cited as a prophetic parallel with the present Nazi retreat. On the face of it and in detail one might as well compare chalk with cheese. Napoleon's army was a beaten army from the day when the stores in Moscow had been wantonly dissipated by the French soldiers. The Nazi armies to-day west of Smolensk are still resolute, immensely strong, determined and well-equipped. Kutuzov's army was ill-organised, abominably led, half-starved and ill-equipped. Stalin's is a miracle of organisation, training and equipment. The Nazis retreated in summer as far as Smolensk and the Dnieper; the French in autumn rains and winter snow. The parallel, if parallel there be, exists only in accepting Tolstoy's main contention that Napoleon and all his marshals, Kutuzov and all his foreign theorists, and all their orders and plans, exercised no slightest influence on the march of events; that what battles were fought were "soldiers' battles," entered upon "inevitably" or haphazard. In short, that Russia is unconquerable by a land army advancing from the west under any conditions of warfare in any age. The achievements of the Red Army in 1942 and 1943 dispose of the last remnants of excuse for finding a parallel with 1812. If the policy of Kutuzov—the masterly inactivity which left all to fate and inevitability and the higher powers—had guided the strategy of the Red Armies—even Red Armies trained, equipped, organised and utterly united and resolute as are Stalin's—if "the policy of the scorched earth and leave the rest to Nature and fate" had been all the policy of Stalin, Moscow would not now be burning its gunpowder in *feux de joie*, nor would Stalingrad be 800 miles behind the front. But the last of all Tolstoy's remarkable theories about wars in Europe to be ventilated in his *magnum opus* is curiously interesting to-day for seekers after parallels and prophecy. I mean the theory set forth in the First Epilogue that European convulsions (cause unknown) create a blind impetus behind mass movements of fighting men from west to east and at a certain point in the eastern advance back again *inexorably* from east to west. That *ne plus ultra* line is clearly the Volga, if not Moscow. The reacting tide took Alexander to Paris and Napoleon to St. Helena at last. The reacting, inevitable tide will take Stalin to———? and Hitler to———?



THIS PICTURE OF A NEW AMERICAN WARSHIP IS REMARKABLE FOR TWO THINGS. First, it shows the new "destroyer escort vessel" "Harmon" being launched at the Fore River Shipyard of the Bethlehem Steel Company at Quincy, Mass., after all records had been shattered by completing her in only ninety-two days after the laying of the keel. Second, the ship has been named in honour of a Negro, Mess Attendant Leonard R. Harmon, of the U.S. Navy, to commemorate his heroism whilst serving aboard the U.S. cruiser "San Francisco." Harmon was killed in action against the Japs at Guadalcanal in the South-West Pacific

Beaverbrook Back.—The changes necessitated by Sir Kingsley Wood's lamented death brought some promotion to youth and merit, and were generally approved. In coalition Governments, balance of party must always condition such promotions to a certain extent. I gathered that no item in the shuffle caused serious criticism, and only one item surprise. Lord Beaverbrook returns as Lord Privy Seal. The surprise expressed by many shades of opinion lay not so much in Lord Beaverbrook's resurrection—you can't keep a dynamic man down, and no one yet has ever long dammed the Beaver Brook—but in his return to a sinecure. Not that the office of Privy Seal nowadays in wartime has proved a sinecure. All sorts of jobs are attached to it—arduous, secret, hush-hush, important. There would have been less surprise expressed if the knobs on the sinecure had been catalogued. It has been said that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Lord Beaverbrook is never idle—far from it. In the wilderness, he is busy criticising the Government in his own papers and elsewhere. In office, he throws his weight about with energy remarkable in a man of sixty-five. He is certainly dynamic, undoubtedly a Peter Pan. In office or out of office, he is certainly indispensable to the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister, who knows him so intimately, will no doubt have assured that his far-from-idle hands have far-from-trivial work to do. What that work is we may not for some time fully comprehend, but we can expect it will be work which demands resolution and even ruthlessness, and an all-out effort. Perhaps it will take Lord Beaverbrook to Russia. Anyway, Clio is not to be allowed hereafter to attribute our salvation to youth alone. The old gang is to have its share in the national distribution of laurels.

London Optimism.—I have used London these last grim years as a barometer. I never go there "on pleasure bent," and my business occasions are, owing to various austerity considerations, much rarer than formerly. So my visits, once a month or so, afford me a view of the capital with a fresh, unprejudiced eye to new manifestations. London is crowded, rather dirty and shabby, uncomfortable to move in, polyglot and interesting. Until very recently I found it always a depressing place. . . Lately, I have noticed a change. In the streets a pre- (or is it post-?) war spirit is in evidence. People go about their business with the clear stimulus that derives from the small plans and hopes which breed only under security (of a sort). With such stimulus to-day they pick up their bargains (such as there are) in the shops, and in those shops there is quite distinctly a more genial, liberal spirit, a business-*not*-as-usual spirit. I hope this may last, and even blossom more fully. It is very noticeable to unfamiliar eyes. And, quite clearly also, official London and the pundits in the clubs (the men who *know*) are enjoying a wave or phase of optimism. Officially, of course, it don't do to let the public in on the ground floor (these strikes, and so forth!). There must be no complacency, no relaxation; the dangers must be continually stressed and the nasty surprises ahead. And the fetters must, if anything, be tightened. But in the big rooms in Whitehall offices (chilly as they may be), a fire of optimism burns bright, if discreetly. It is optimism in the rough; there are no details yet drawn, just a general sense that things go well and that anything may happen inside Germany, or, at least, inside the big fortress, any day, and to our advantage. And this optimism (almost complacency) is echoed from the club arm-chairs by ex-ambassadors and Civil Servants and pundits who were familiar with this or that key section of troubled Europe in former days.

Royal Armoured Corps Club.—The battle history of the British Cavalry is glorious enough and long enough to be fresh in the mind of "every schoolboy." When these cavalry regiments beat their spurs into sparking plugs, their splendid record continued uninterrupted into the age of machine warfare, and the deeds of the Union Brigade and the Light Brigade had their counterparts in the deserts of Africa and elsewhere. The Royal Armoured Corps to-day, recruited from these fine elements and from men of every trade and calling in civil life, has inherited a score of noble traditions going back to Marlborough's wars, and has created as many more. To-day the R.A.C. is one of the chief prides and glories of our armies and deserves the best we can give it for its comfort, and for acknowledgment. One of the things it needs is a hostel and recreation centre in London for its N.C.O.s and men—another "R.A.C." Club. To establish this much-needed centre with the least possible delay, a committee has been working hard for some time, and, to raise the wind, it has arranged a matinée which will take place on Monday, October 25, at 2 p.m. at the Adelphi Theatre. The effort is very strongly backed and very widely patronised. The show, entitled *Caterpillars and Grasshoppers*, guarantees an all-star cast. The prices range from £2 2s. down to 15s. for stalls and dress-circle, and from 10s. 6d. down to 5s. for upper circle. Tickets may be obtained from Lt.-Col. F. Summers, D.S.O., R.A. Corps Club, 67-68, Chandos Place, W.C.2. (Temple Bar 8324.) There will be cavalry bands, variety and concert stars and a sure promise of a good time for all in a first-rate cause and in the best possible company. This is (all things considered) *not* (I repeat *not*) a date to miss, whether you are an old cavalry man or a modern mechanic, an old plug or a sparking-plug. In short, be you who you may, be there without fail on the day.

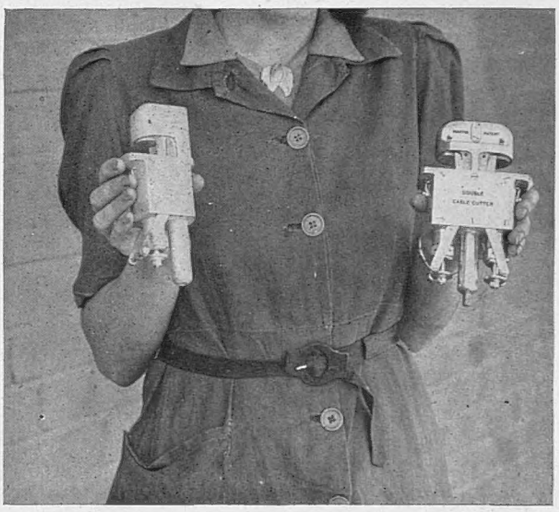
THE OLD STAGER

The FREEING of CORSICA: *And Other Pictures of Different Aspects of the War*

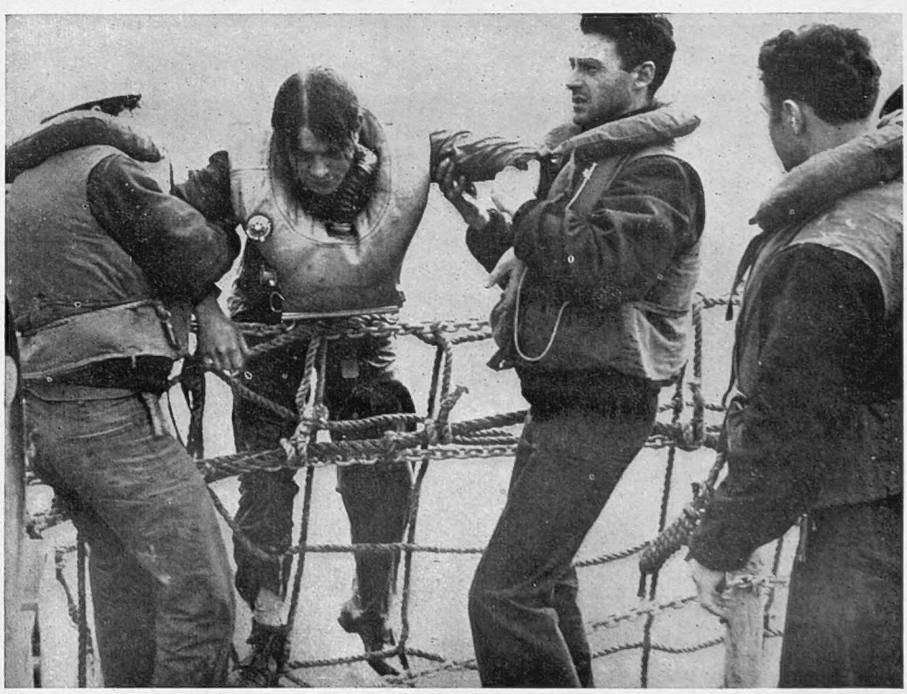
THE CORSICANS PREPARE TO EJECT THE GERMANS: Island Patriots addressing the crowds of Frenchmen in the city of Ajaccio, which was speedily liberated after the fall of Italy. The enemy was beaten back towards Bastia, where a hurried evacuation of the island was carried out

THE CROWD CHEERS AS AJACCIO IS LIBERATED FROM THE GERMANS. With the landing of Fighting French troops on the island, the French population of Corsica rallied to the Allied cause. There was no mistaking the sentiments of the people as they swept the hated German occupants out of their island

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD SECRET REVEALED: The cable-cutter which is fitted to British aircraft to deal with German balloon barrages. Two of the girls who make these important gadgets demonstrate the action of the cutter



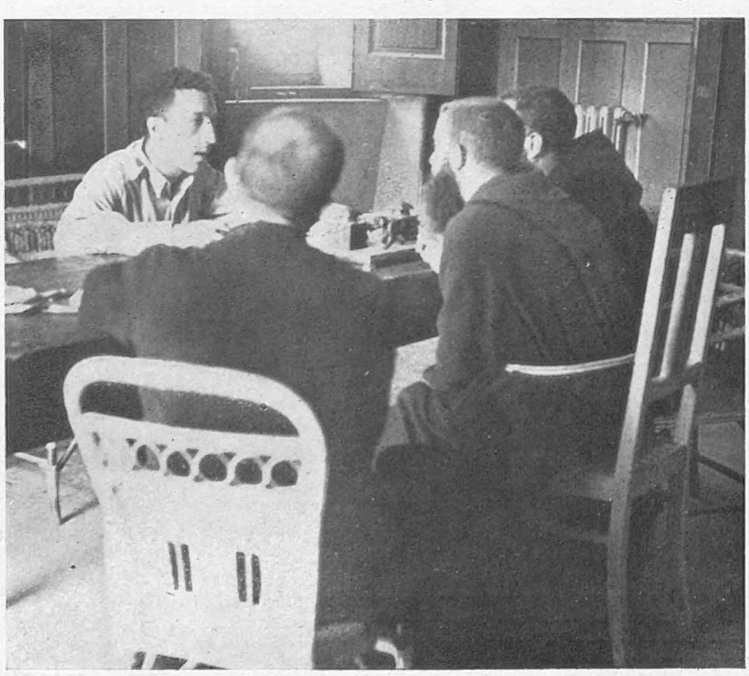
A SINGLE AND A DOUBLE CABLE-CUTTER. For four years, workers in a small factory in the Home Counties have kept the secret of the device they have been making. This is the cable-cutter—an invention of Mr. James Martin, of Belfast, who also invented the collapsible hood which is fitted to all Spitfires. About the size of a building brick and weighing only a few pounds, it is so powerful that it cuts the heaviest balloon-barrage cable in about one-thousandth part of a second. Sixteen are fitted to each British bomber. Girls are engaged in making the cutters, the accuracy of which is such that fifty gauges have to be used in checking the measurements



THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT SUNK IN THE ATLANTIC ARE PICKED UP BY A U.S. CUTTER. Whilst attempting to attack an Allied convoy recently, a Nazi U-boat was depth-bombed, shelled and sunk: a German officer and several of the crew were taken prisoner by a Coastguard Cutter as the result. On the left the German lieutenant is seen being hauled on board the American vessel before being hustled below: above, one of the crew is being rescued. Both Nazi seamen are wearing a device which enabled them to escape from the stricken submarine as it sank

SCENES DURING the ADVANCE through ITALY: *New Official Pictures Taken During the March Up the West and East Coasts Towards Naples and Foggia*

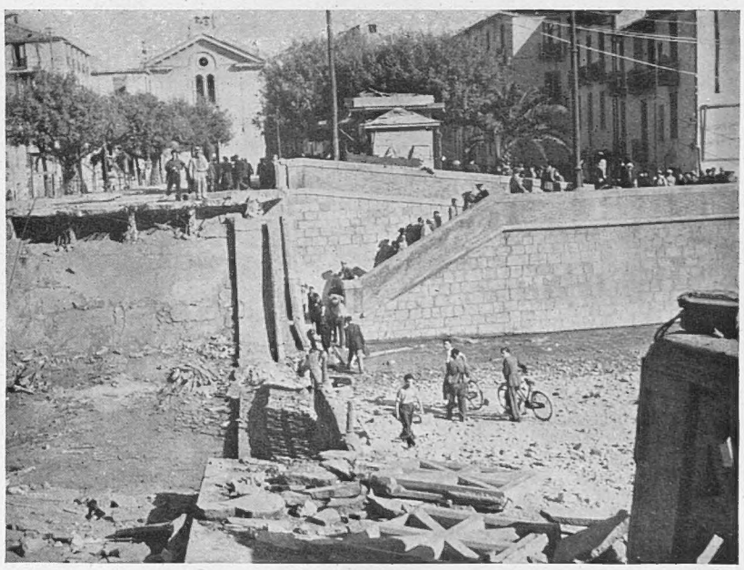
THE ITALIAN MAINLAND AS SEEN FROM A BRITISH AIRCRAFT: A picture which shows the mountainous nature of the country near the coastline. Apart from the narrow coastal strip, there are few good roads for the heavy vehicles and supply lorries of an advancing army—hence the comparative slowness of the Eighth Army's advance during the first days after the landings in the "Toe"



A TYPICAL SCENE IN A SOUTH ITALIAN TOWN. Under the control of officers of A.M.G.O.T., the Allies have set about the task of local administration and straightening-out the troubles of the inhabitants. An American Lieutenant is here seen with two Franciscan monks and a local priest, who have come to ask his advice. In this part of the country sympathetic treatment is being accorded to the population, who have shown their antipathy to Fascist rule and who are co-operating whole-heartedly with the occupying forces

BRITISH NURSES LAND ON THE ITALIAN MAINLAND. Nursing sisters attached to the Eighth Army went ashore soon after the troops had landed. During off-duty hours they paid a visit to the old-world town of Nicastro: in the market-place they were introduced to something new—cactus fruit. These British women were the centre of interest to the townsfolk, and their neat uniforms stood out in striking contrast to the quaint costumes of the native women. The town of Nicastro lies near the Gulf of Eufemia

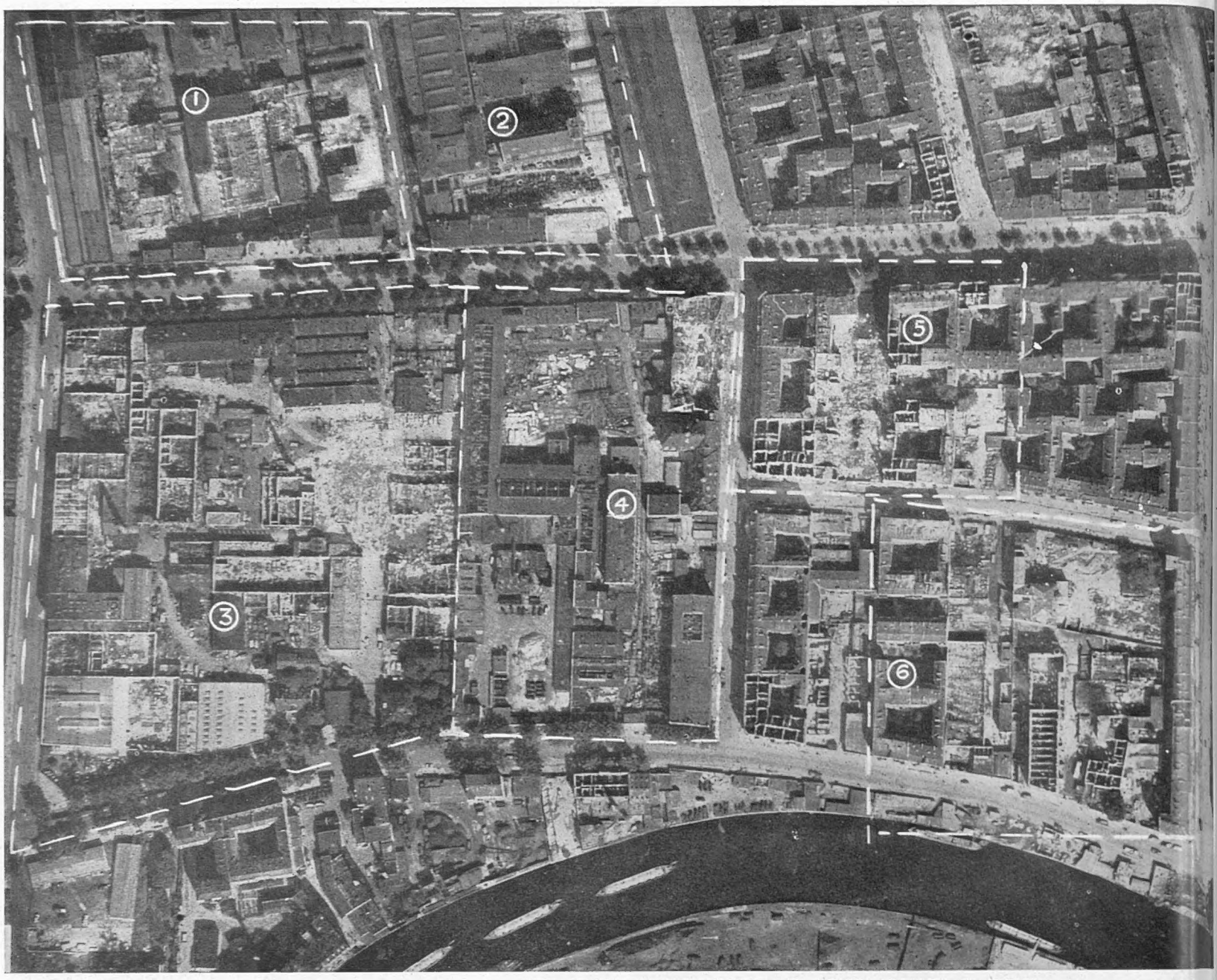
THE HARBOUR AND TOWN OF BRINDISI AS SEEN FROM AN ALLIED D.C.3 TRANSPORT FLYING UP THE EAST COAST OF ITALY. This important base was captured shortly after the occupation of Taranto: with it, the airport was also captured, together with a certain number of fighter and bomber aircraft



TWO INCIDENTS DURING THE ADVANCE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY TOWARDS SALERNO. During their great rush towards the Naples area, the Eighth travelled some 300 miles in thirteen days. Although the fighting elements did not meet with strong opposition, such units as the bridge-building companies, mine-detector units and supply columns worked overtime. The picture on the left, taken during the earlier stages of the Army's advance, shows one of the great difficulties with which our men had to contend—the winding and twisting nature of the roads through the mountains of Southern Italy: in the view, heavy anti-aircraft guns are seen being manœuvred cautiously round one of the many hairpin bends on the road into Catanzaro. The picture on the right comes from Cosenza: here the Germans, with characteristic thoroughness, blew up the bridge across the river which flows right through the town. The Eighth Army's main elements, however, advanced along the coastal roads, so that this demolition hit the townsfolk more than it did the advancing forces. The people had to descend to the partly dried-up river-bed and then cross the water by means of planks to gain access to the other parts of the town

A BREN-GUN CARRIER ENTERING THE TOWN OF GIZZERIA, a typical little hill-perched town of Southern Italy. It will be observed that the Italians (unlike Britain in 1940) have not even removed the sign identifying the spot on the main road! This lack of precaution against invasion was common throughout the whole of the region

AN ITALIAN COLONEL COLLABORATES WITH THE BRITISH: He commanded an infantry regiment which surrendered, and then gave useful information about the retreating Germans. "Thirty vehicles passed us just here," he is saying above



PART OF THE CHARLOTTENBURG AND MOABIT DISTRICTS OF BERLIN, where damage among number of works and industrial concerns is concentrated and severe. Several factorie are included in this photograph. The goods they produced are indicated in the followin key: 1—Machine tools, range-finders, etc.; 2—Turbines; 3—Numerous firms producin automobile equipment; 4—Welding; 5—Accumulators; 6—Chemical foods and printing

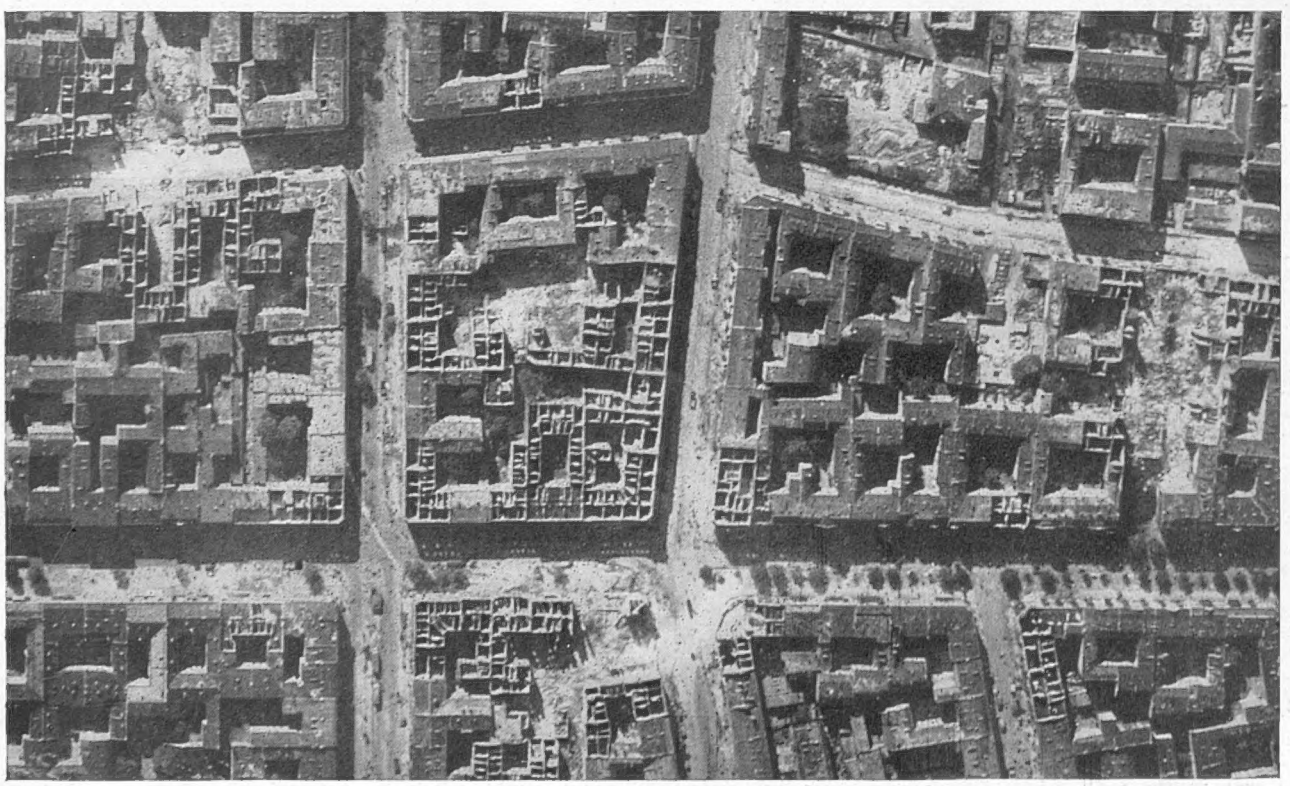
The BOMBING of BERLIN

What the R.A.F.'s Reconnaissance Photographs Show of the Heavy Damage Inflicted During the Three Recent Big Raids

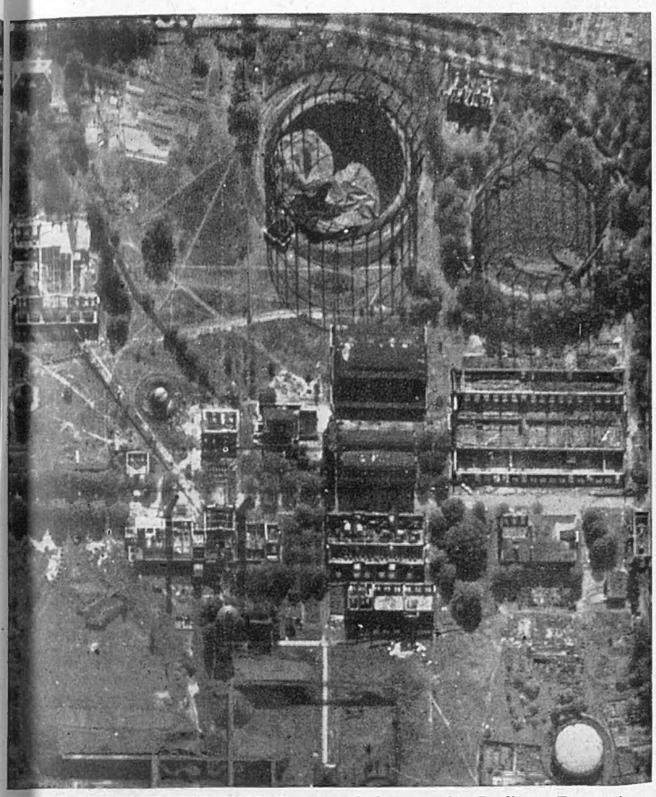
About 100 factories or industrial premises were damaged in the last three attacks on Berlin on the nights of August 23 and 31 and September 3, according to the experts who have now finished their examination of the reconnaissance photographs taken after the last raid. No fewer than thirty of the damage factories were engineering and electrical plants, som of them of the highest importance to the German wa machine. The biggest of all was the enormous Siemen works in Siemenstadt, a huge factory town served b three railways and having 250,000 i habitants. The works belonged to th Siemens and Halske A.G. and the Siemen Schuckertwerke A.G., and constitute on of the largest electrical plants in German Siemens and Halske produce light elec trical equipment of all kinds. Th Siemens Schuckertwerke turn out heav machinery for power-stations and elec trical plants.

Many bombs fell on Siemenstad Of the buildings in the electro-chemica branch of Siemens Schuckertwerk 75 per cent. were burnt to the ground and fire also badly damaged the electric motor works and the accessories works Blast has damaged several buildings i the metal foundry and despatch depart ment. A power-station was not working when the reconnaissance photograph were taken, and it is thought that thi building was also damaged by blast. A Siemens and Halske a third of the rectifier plant has been burnt out.

Among other important electrica engineering concerns badly damaged during the attack was the A.E.G. work in Brunnenstrasse Wedding, a firs priority factory manufacturing submarine engines, motors and generators; a turbine works of the A.E.G., another factory o the highest priority; two works of th Gesfur Elektristche Unternehmungen manufacturing machine and precision tools; and the Osram works, which turn out large numbers of radio valves. Th A.E.G. factory in Wedding was particularly seriously hit. Two high ex plosive bombs fell on the main workshop and blast and fire caused a great deal o



HEAVY DAMAGE AMONG BUILDINGS IN THE MOABIT DISTRICT, which lies north-west of Berlin's Tiergarten. Points where heavy bombs have exploded with devastating effect are clearly seen in this photograph: many buildings have been unroofed by blast



THE MARIENDORF GAS-WORKS, second largest in Berlin. Two giant gas-holders have been completely burned out, whilst many of the buildings have been gutted by fire or blasted by high explosive

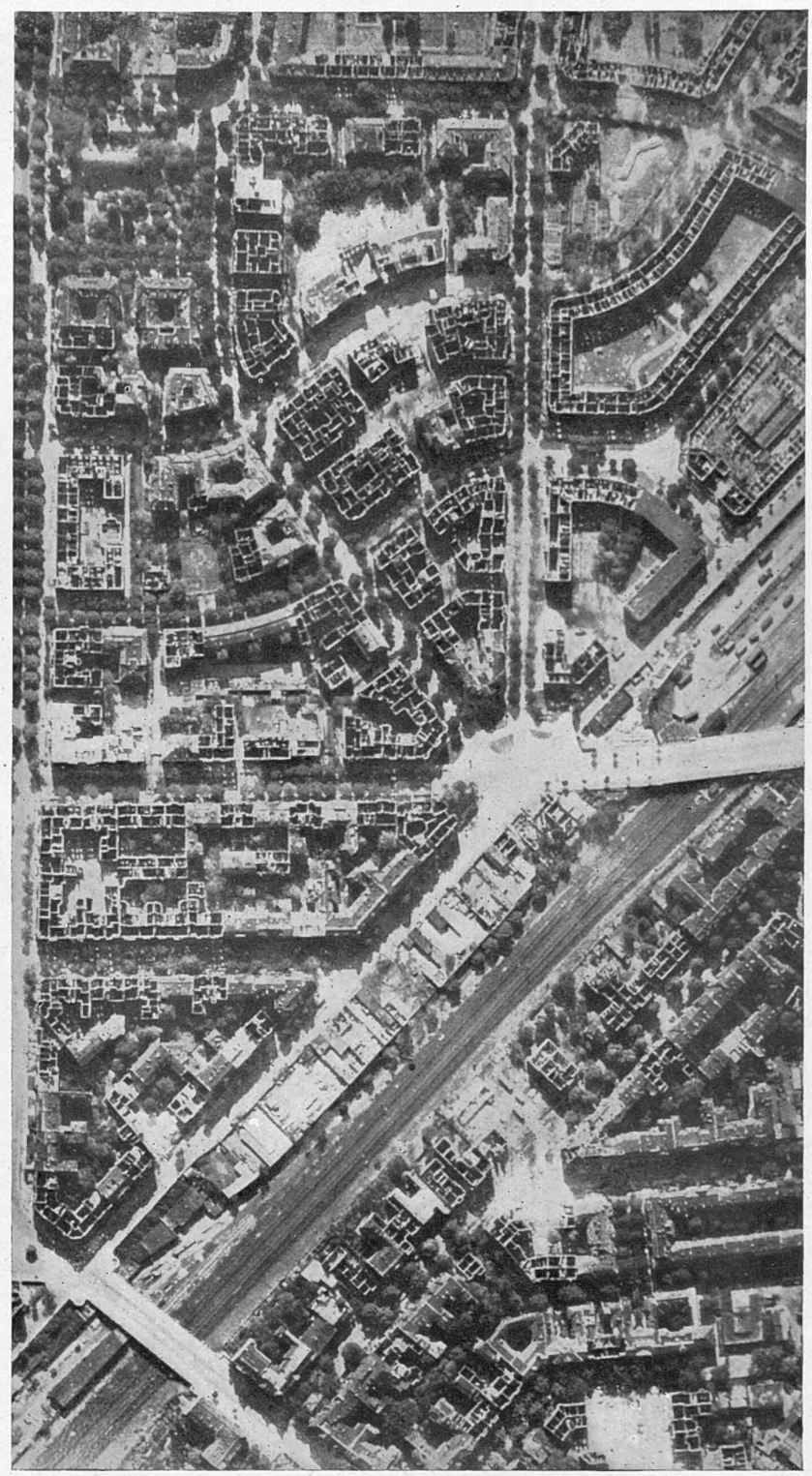
damage elsewhere. Three very important general engineering works were badly damaged—the Berliner Maschinenbeu A.G., the Daimler-Benz A.G. and the Klockner-Humboldt-Deutz A.G. Between them they manufacture or repair steam and Diesel locomotives, tanks, armoured fighting vehicles, aero engines, torpedo components and precision tools. Another of Berlin's key factories — the Askaniawerke Mariendorf, which makes optical instruments of all kinds and, with another of its Berlin plants, employs 7,000 workers—has also had many of its buildings burnt out.

A further thirty engineering and electrical works were damaged, and some of them were totally destroyed. All of them were engaged on important war production, ranging from heavy machinery to delicate wireless and X-ray apparatus.

The report gives a list of sixty-five miscellaneous factories and industrial premises which were damaged. Two firms manufacturing balloon fabric and parachutes were demolished, two oil depots were seriously damaged and a large leather warehouse partly burnt out.

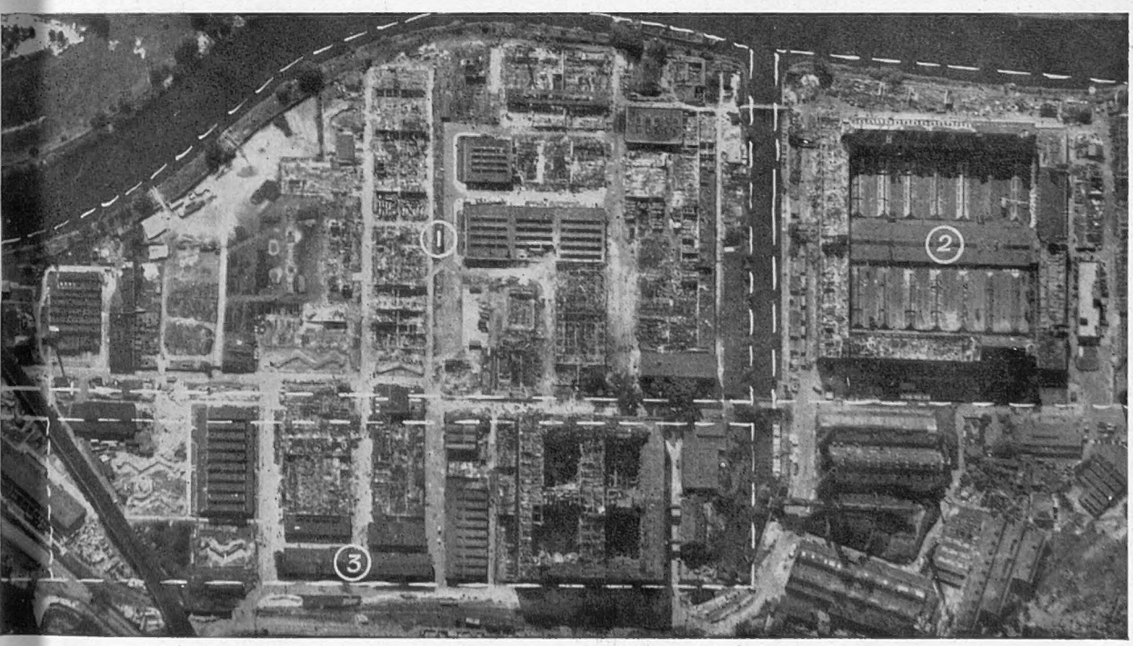
Photographs also show that Berlin's second largest gas-works, in the Mariendorf district, was particularly badly damaged. Two gas-holders were burnt out and the pump and meter house, by-products plant, the retort houses and stores were all either damaged or destroyed. Three more

THE ASKANIAWERKE A.G. PREMISES in the Mariendorf district. This concern specialised in optical and aircraft instruments. It has suffered very severe damage



HEAVY DAMAGE IN THE STEGLITZ AREA, near the Friedenau Station. The bridge in the right centre links the Feld Strasse with the Thorwalsden Strasse. That at the bottom of the picture joins the Saar Strasse with the Thorwalsden Strasse. The many small dark patches, giving a honeycomb effect, show where a large number of properties in this district have been gutted

gas-works in the capital were hit. The Unterspree power-station, the district electric-switching station at Schoneberg, and a pumping station at Charlottenburg were also damaged during the attack. Railway property was hit. Bombs fell in the Tempelhof marshalling yard, and tracks were cut and wagons destroyed in many places, while half the roof of the main entrance shed was damaged. Elsewhere in the capital five goods yards and five passenger stations were either damaged or destroyed



***On left*—A LARGE SECTION OF THE SIEMENS AND HALSKE ELECTRICAL APPARATUS PLANT AT SIEMENSTADT—an objective of the highest priority. The figures marked on the photograph indicate the following : 1—Electro-chemical plant ; 2—Electric motors ; 3—Installation material**

WAR ON HITLER'S EIGHT ROUTES TO ITALY

The Campaign to Cut the Life-lines by which the German Divisions in the North of the Country are Sustained Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

GERMANY, the cables tell, is looking anxiously to her communications with Italy. And well she may.

The outcome and duration of the coming campaigns in North and maybe Central Italy look to be dependent on the degree in which Hitler is able to utilise the eight gateways into that country, at present varyingly available to him. And none knows better than he that the British and American planners in the south have decided to seize upon a unique opportunity and to go all-out on the fixed idea of war on the German routes or life-lines into Italy.

We amateur strategists will probably be forgiven for looking upon it as a special war on its own. Anyway, that is what I propose to do in sweet clarity's cause, beginning with the assumption that Germany's present staving-off strategy in Italy caught her "A" and "Q" branches unprepared.

Transformation of the military and civil scenes arrived with a speed totally uncared for in the files. With the result that supplies, equipment and munitions are having to be built up from a very low level. Even after a breathing space of seven weeks, shortages of A.-A. and other artillery equipment were reported at Salerno.

How hard put to it the Germans have been is shown by the way they seized supplies from Italian civilians. They pretended the excuse that the Italians were traitors, but the real reason was that the stuff was imperatively needed for distribution to the German Army. Or take the extent to which the Germans are seizing every form of transport that will serve, civil drivers included. They want every wheel; as they have wanted food even of the Italian variety.

Passing from this background of urgent need in the first place, the German High Command must maintain throughout the winter an enormous flow of traffic into Italy and out of it again, endless trains and road convoys necessitated by all the paraphernalia attendant on keeping an army of—well, shall we say twenty divisions?—fit for hardest battle. From time to time one reads of divisions being moved about Europe like figures of chess, but, coming down to earth, I believe the moving of twenty divisions of 15,000 men requires something like 1,600 trains and locomotives and 80,000 trucks.

A vast, protracted and intricate business under favourable conditions, and, incidentally, probably many more steam-engines will be needed to cross and recross the Alps and Dolomites.

Not only does troop movement constitute but a portion of the traffic which worn and stretched Axis rolling-stock and lorries must bear to Italy; in addition, Rommel's communications are menaced by intensive bombing and by an exceptional interplay of factors due to the extreme turbulence and hostility at every hand. Young Frenchmen will promote snow avalanches one day; the next, Yugoslavs will tear up miles of line, at which they seem to be adept.

The bombings of the Brenner, of Anthéor and Modane; attacks by irregulars on communications as far apart as Savoy and Istria; wrecking by stout Italians hidden in the heights of Trentino; sabotage in Austria itself and by Allied airborne experts; presently loco-busting from near-by Corsica—each dovetails into the grand assault on Rommel's communications which, one firmly believes, Eisenhower and Alexander have determined to will and order centrally. No doubt that is why Dorpmueller, the Reich Transport Minister, has urgently gone on tour.

A good way to visualise this chapter is to spread a fan open from Bologna, facing north, when the fan's ribs will conduct to Hitler's eight routes into Italy, from the Riviera right round to Fiume. The main railway and road, running practically side by side along the coast for seventy miles between St. Raphael and Mentone, were always considered as highly vulnerable by the French General Staff. Constant use of the two arteries is absolutely necessary to the defence of the Nice bottle-head, and Hitler is additionally burdening them with Italy-bound troops and material from the Pyrenees.

The R.A.F. struck at the Anthéor viaduct. Heavily guarded though it be, the Riviera gateway lies open to every form of attack, for this same viaduct was shelled by Austrian submarines in the last war. Soon there should be loco-busting along this well-known beauty line, and then only local sabotage will need stimulation. It has not shone, and Hitler's "giving back" of Nice and Mentone to Laval is hardly conducive to its growth.

And not to be overlooked is the branch mountain line from Nice via Cuneo to Turin, a minor "gateway." It can be kept clear of snow in winter, which is more than can be said of some larger gateways.

Snow can be no mean obstacle to Hitler, and one looks to prepared avalanches up on the Mt. Cenis, the only other direct rail link between France and Italy. The eight-mile tunnel passes at a height of 4,300 ft., and the road (built by Napoleon, as one or two of the others) 3,000 ft. higher. The young Savoyards are being helped in their demolition work by Italian soldiers, who are said to have broken the tunnel on a length of 200 yards. The R.A.F. has meanwhile plastered the Modane yards, and one thinks of the difficulties of repair work in alps already under winter.

This Mt. Cenis line (and road) comes up from Lyons and goes on through Chambéry and Modane to join with the Turin network. And Lyons being a great distribution centre of German troops, this gateway is assuredly being relied on by Runstedt for the major portion of what he may be sending to Italy.

The two Swiss tunnels, Simplon and St. Gothard, are not, of course, German gateways into Italy. Yet they have been so made use of by the enemy as to project each right into the picture one is drawing. As an instance, the British Government has had to try to ensure in the past that only strictly non-military supplies from Germany to Italy should pass through them. It is so easy to dispatch parts of tanks, guns and munitions as "agricultural machinery," and the temptation to abuse Swiss adaptability will certainly not be less now that the Germans need no longer send 1,000,000 tons of Ruhr coal a month to Italy through the St. Gothard.

If the Swiss position is too delicate to permit of closing the railways to German through-traffic, we are entitled to hope, in view of the rescue of Mussolini, that the Swiss will be alert day and night for *coups de main*. The twelve-mile Simplon comes out at Iselle, in Italy, precariously close to where Germans are now installed. The St. Gothard's risk is less, the nearest Germans being twenty or thirty miles away, at Chiasso. The Swiss, now truly encircled by Germany, say they will guard their tunnels until they have to blow them up.

But Hitler is known to be pressing for permission to transport troops and war material over both Swiss routes into Italy, and he is likely to need these entries more and more imperatively. Equally imperatively, these tunnels must never fall into German hands in working order; or, if they do, they should be considered by the Allies as open to attack. A repetition of the Swedish cross-traffic so long serving Germany must not be winked at in the Alps.

Next comes the Brenner, centuries-old, main passage-way of the Teutonics into Lombardy. It is said that half of everything sent to Italy is going this way, though I doubt it, having heard, for one thing, that neighbouring Tarvis is being exceptionally used. However, the Brenner, with its Bolzano yards, will be bombed and bombed in the heaviest style. This gateway uniting Innsbrück to Verona by rail and road is a comparatively smoothly rising and descending route along most of its 175 miles, and at present "Forts" and Italian Army detachments are in the van attacking it.

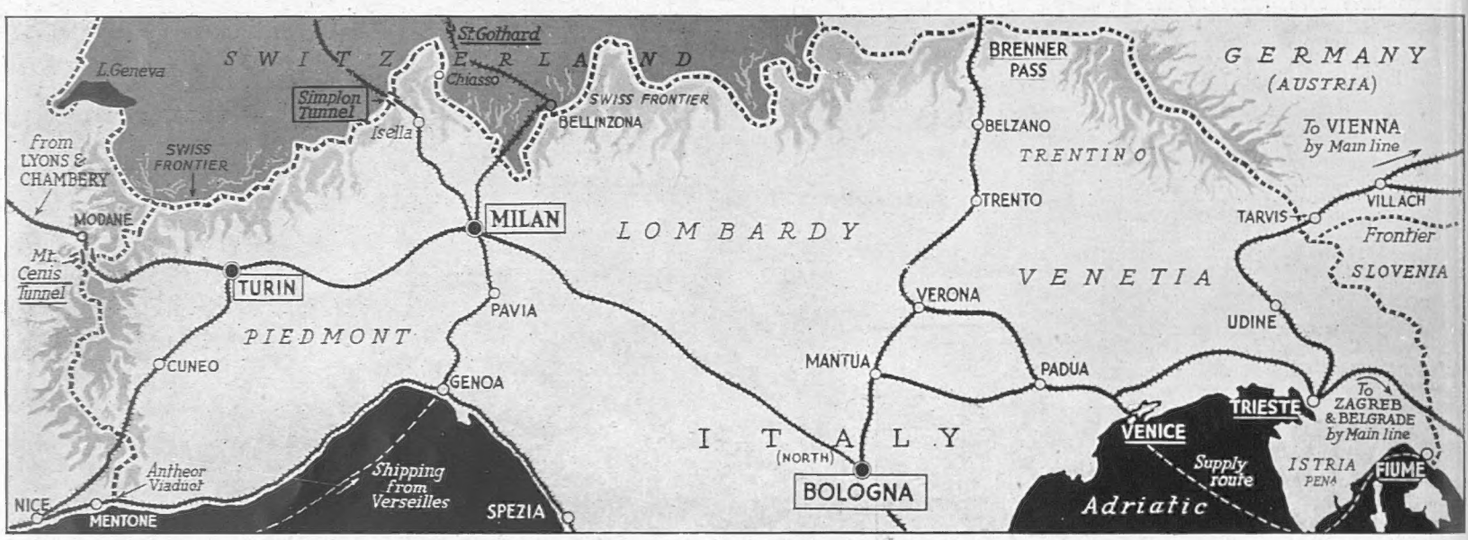
"Free Italy more speedily by disrupting the Brenner link" is doubtless being "plugged" by Allied H.Q. Such vibrant calls are continuously called for, referring to communications right round the "fan" and with special reference to the power system which electrifies the whole. The canalising of effort, even when it means attacking ubiquitous German patrols and posts, cannot be too insisted upon: incessant pressing home of the importance of what is being asked. Rail dislocation seems to be the most useful part Italians can play for months ahead. Sixth German life-line to Rommel and Kesselring comes over from Austria at Tarvis, and at Udine this route branches in two directions: to Padua and to Trieste. I have motored the accompanying highway from Villach to Venice in three hours in midwinter. At Villach, Austrian lines and highways branch towards the war-producing centres, so that this gateway is probably being used to transport to Italy a deal of the stepped-up Austrian war-production.

Seventh and eighth gateways are at Trieste and Fiume, into which come the great trunk lines from Vienna-Budapest, Zagreb-Budapest and Zagreb-Belgrade. These lines must now be copiously used for taking to Italy Rumanian oil, Hungarian foodstuffs and munitions, all three of which, in the days when Italy was deprived of them, had gone by ship down the Adriatic to Greece, the Aegean, Crete and Rhodes.

Allied submarines and light naval forces will shortly have a lot to say about this latter traffic, some of which is doubtless being still maintained; while a second powerful effort against the Trieste-Fiume gateways is coming from the Slovene and Yugoslav patriots, who are commendably concentrating on the most remunerative current job: disrupting German communications with Italy. And any day Allied bombers will add to the mischief by appearing above hitherto immune Trieste docks and yards, from airfields in the Italian "Toe."

Hitler will try to strengthen Rommel by coastal shipping from Marseilles and Toulon along to Genoa; and in the east, from Trieste and Pola across to Venice. But under concerted air and sea attack this traffic will dwindle. He will try to substitute road for rail traffic, but petrol and oil over long distances are vastly extravagant at a time when further certain bombing of Ploesti, which supplies at least half of Germany's requirements, must cause the Germans to husband their fuel supplies as never before.

When they begin using giant transport planes to supply Rommel and Kesselring we shall know they are extended. But before that day comes, a single-purposed Allied offensive by all arms and means must congest, block, disrupt and stem the mighty eight-tentacled stream of traffic into Italy that alone can keep the Germans there, in the field.



THE EIGHT ROUTES INTO ITALY WHICH THE GERMANS ARE STRIVING TO MAINTAIN: These extend fanwise from the French Riviera right round to Fiume, with Bologna as the pivotal point in the communications scheme—*A special* Sphere *diagram*

TARGET PRACTICE for ESCORT SHIPS

A Naval School Where Dummy Submarines are Towed by M.L.s—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

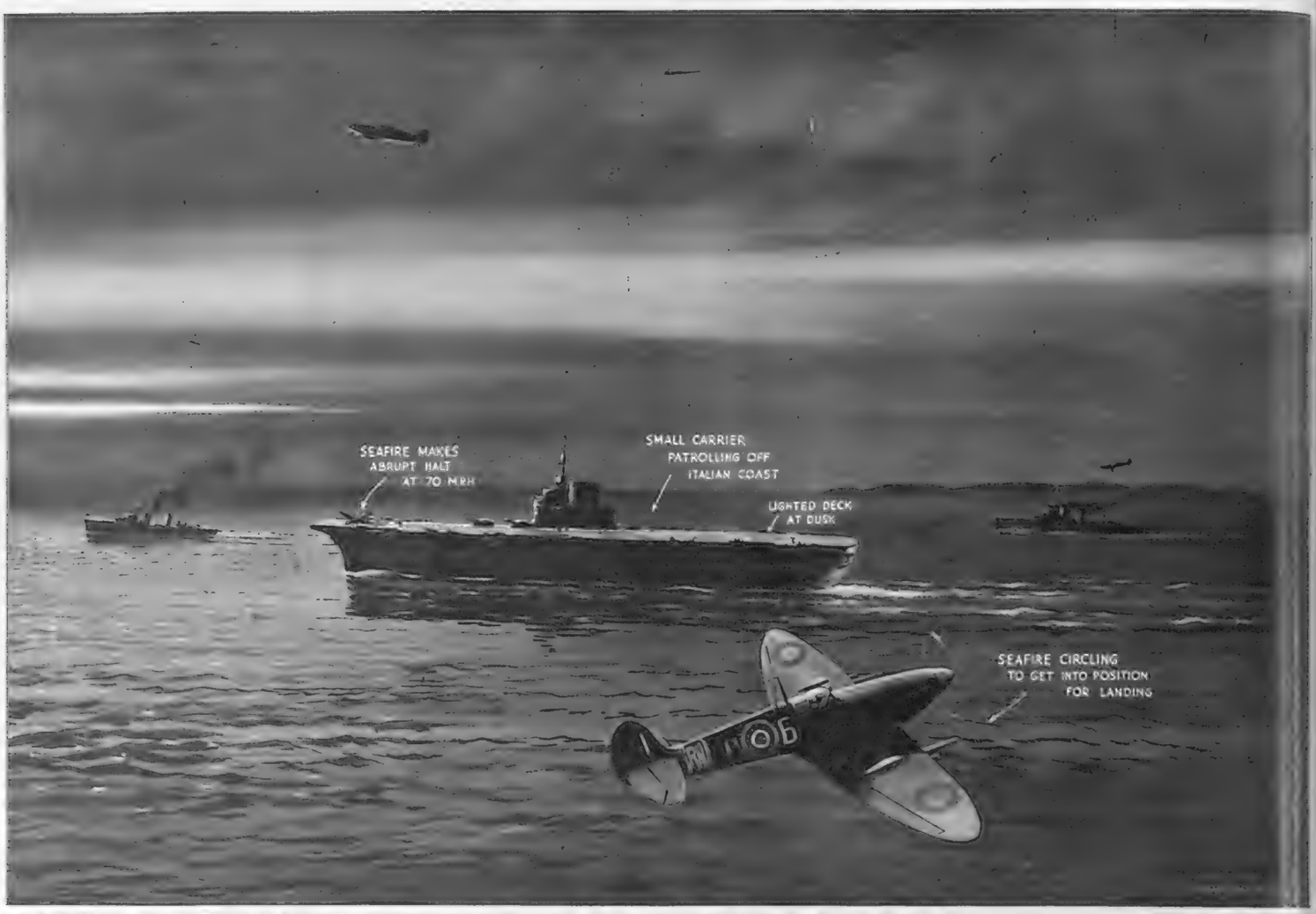
The manner in which our anti-submarine crews are trained was recently revealed by a naval reporter who witnessed a mimic battle fought out by day and night in northern waters. In the short periods between actual escort duties with the convoys, each group of the Royal Navy fighting the Battle of the Atlantic takes part in a "rehearsal" of the latest tactics. The frigates and destroyers and other escort ships all converge on a given spot and then carry out their attack on the U-boats—in this case, British submarines employing all their skill. Light craft are introduced to represent other submarines on the surface. "They are engaged by the guns of the frigates and corvettes. There is a tremendous cannonade of quick-firing weapons when an M.L. tows a target past the ships at close range, to represent a U-boat surprised on the surface by night." This target consists of a raft with a structure built up to resemble the conning-tower: the tow is only three to four hundred yards long, so that the task of the towing M.L.s during the firing practice is not an enviable one!

The NEW GIANT LANDING CRAFT

An Artist's Impression of the Huge Vessels Used for the First Time at Salerno—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

In last week's issue, we published photographs of the new Allied landing craft which first made their appearance during the operations at Salerno: here is an artist's impression of the same craft. They are of exceptionally large capacity, with double doors at the fore end, or bow, which open directly into the hold. In the drawing above two such vessels are depicted in the process of landing tanks and vehicles directly on to the beach under cover of smoke-screens thrown out by their own generating apparatus. Like giant "Ships of Troy," the craft disgorge tanks, artillery and vehicles laden with supplies which (directed by the Beachmaster) roll along the rapidly laid netting-tracks to take up their pre-arranged positions.

To the left of the scene, a working party of Pioneers are carrying a section of the netting-track ashore from a smaller landing craft; to the right a motor-truck tows a gun ashore. These operations, it will be observed, are being carried out under cover of aircraft which maintain guard in the skies above the beaches.



AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS OFF THE ITALIAN COAST: Seafires waiting to land on a small carrier in the dusk at the end of a day's operations over the Salerno front—a task fraught with difficulties for the pilots of the Fleet Air Arm—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

One of the great difficulties of the earlier fighting in the Naples area was the lack of aerodromes for our fighter aircraft. To overcome this, much of the Allied air cover had to be provided by the Fleet Air Arm. A fleet of small aircraft-carriers, with attendant cruisers and destroyers, was gathered in the Grand Harbour at Malta and later sailed for Salerno Bay. Very soon, fast and deadly Seafires were providing the necessary air umbrella over the beaches: during the day Spitfires and Lightnings from Sicily also played their part, but at dawn and dusk the Seafires had the sky to themselves. In describing some of the difficulties with which the pilots had to contend, Mr. William Forrest said: "To ensure a reasonably safe deck landing on this type of carrier, the Seafires look for a minimum wind speed of 25 knots. And, except for one landing, the most they ever got was 20 knots. In the circumstances, the strain on the pilots was terrific, and the wonder was that they could keep it up so long. Each of them made on an average three sorties every day, and at the end of every sortie came that sickening moment when they had to land at 70 m.p.h. on a floating platform of which they could see only the tiny tip." There were casualties and crashes on deck; but many of the crashed aircraft were quickly repaired. Not the least anxious moment for pilot and deck crew was that depicted in the drawing above, when, in the fast-gathering gloom, three or four Seafires would arrive above the carrier at the same moment, to circle about (with fast-diminishing fuel supply) until each received the order to come in

The WAR by AIR at SALERNO

With New Photographs of the Big "Block-Busters;" And Two Pictures of Flak Effects Over Germany

FIRST PICTURES OF THE GREAT "BLOCK-BUSTERS" which the R.A.F. are now using over Germany. These two pictures show the 4,000-lb. bombs in the manufacturing stage before delivery to the R.A.F. It is not till they leave the Royal Ordnance factory that the tails are fitted. Although it takes two or three days to fill one of these bombs with high explosive, it has been officially stated that "there is not likely to be any shortage of these, or yet bigger, bombs for the continuing air offensive." Four people can stand inside the casing of one bomb! The picture on the left gives a good idea of the size of these monsters: that above shows 4,000-lb. and 2,000-lb. bombs in the cooling pits at the factory

FLAK PATTERNS AT NIGHT: A remarkable picture from Hamburg. It shows tracks from searchlights (A); muzzle flashes from heavy flak batteries (B); and eight explosions identified as flak-bursts (marked with arrows)

A PICTURE FROM DUISBERG, showing two types of shell-bursts. Type 1 is the most usual; it is caused by explosions of very short duration, and many small luminous fragments may be seen. Type 2, less frequently seen, results from a small initial explosion followed after a short interval by the main flame. Many photographs which R.A.F. aircraft bring back from night operations over enemy territory have a strange beauty, with weird light patterns reminiscent of a peacetime carnival fireworks display. These pictures do, in fact, record displays of fireworks, but of a much more grim and unpleasant character. In the two given here (taken over Hamburg and Duisberg), the bursts of anti-aircraft shell-fire are responsible for most of the oddly shaped trails and light bubbles recorded by the camera whilst its shutter remains open for a few seconds during intense action by the enemy's ground defences

AS THE FIRST LANDING-GROUND WAS CAPTURED AT SALERNO: A British pilot in a Spitfire lands at Monte Corvino whilst the battle for the airfield was still in progress. He was able to take off again after two hours on the ground—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Flight Sergeant Leach was on patrol over the beaches at Salerno when his Spitfire developed engine trouble: he spotted the airfield at Monte Corvino just in time and made a perfect landing a few minutes after the last enemy machine-guns had been silenced and while shells from heavy German guns were still bursting on the airfield. R.A.F. Commandos (who had previously arrived to get the aerodrome in order in the shortest space of time), worked for two hours in the midst of a heavy artillery duel to make his plane airworthy again. The Monte Corvino airfield was of vital importance for the Allies: it changed hands several times after Allied forces had first captured it. The *Luftwaffe* had established their headquarters there and dispersed their offices and quarters over a wide area, including the near-by town of Salerno itself. When the first British detachment arrived at the airfield, they were given a hot reception by enemy machine-guns and mortars. In spite of casualties, they cleared the landing strip of mines and booby-traps: the Germans had not finished mining the airfield when they were chased out. Then the Germans recaptured it and continued mining, only to be driven out once again. More than forty planes (most of them German) were found abandoned on the airfield

THE R.A.F. INSPECTING THE DAMAGE AT THE TARANTO AIRFIELD JUST AFTER THEY TOOK IT OVER. Taranto had been a target for Allied bombs for many month before Italy decided to surrender, and great damage was done during the course of R.A.F. and American raids. Here a group of men of the R.A.F. Regime are examining a number of bombs found beside a wrecked railway train at the edge of the air-field. On every hand was evidence of the devastation caused during our many attacks on this great naval and air base in the Heel of Italy

SCENES WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN ITALY

Pictures from the Eighth and Fifth Armies During Their Recent Advances

AT TARANTO. The fuselage of a German Ju. 52 transport plane wrecked by Allied bombs, on the edge of the landing-ground. These are the aircraft which the Germans used during the evacuation of Tunisia and Sicily

ANOTHER WRECKED AIRFIELD ON THE GULF OF EUFEMIA. The burned-out hangars and wrecked administration buildings on the Vibo Valentia air-field. Over fifty aircraft were found to be destroyed here, with fragments of the smashed planes lying between the various buildings. At Vibo Valentia great havoc was caused by naval bombardments before and after the Reggio landings; and then a force of the Eighth Army was landed to join up with the main body coming up the coast from the "Toe

THIS IS A GERMAN 210-MM. FIELD GUN, MOUNTED ON A SPECIAL LIMBER AND DRAWN BY A HALF-TRACKED VEHICLE. It was intercepted by Allied Commandos while on the road to Vietri, north-west of Salerno: the crew were killed and the big gun captured. This incident occurred after the Germans had lost the Battle of the Bridgeheads, and whilst their artillery was being withdrawn to other positions closer to the city of Naples

A GERMAN MOBILE FLAK GUN. This weapon was used against our landing craft at Salerno. It was knocked out by naval gunners who were supporting the operations on the beaches

ITALIAN CIVILIANS WORK FOR THE ALLIES. A group of workmen repairing the road-bed and the crossing of an important railway-line between Agropoli and Salerno. The local civil and military aid given to the Allied invasion forces in this area materially aided our offensive against the Germans

ARMY AID FOR THE CIVILIAN POPULATION. A staff-sergeant of the R.A.M.C. is here attending to an Italian woman suffering from malaria—only one instance of many of the way in which the Army is facing up to its task of administering the occupied territories

THE RESPONSE OF THE CIVILIANS TO THE ALLIED OCCUPATION. A Sherman tank loaded with British infantry is here passing through the streets of the town of Salerno. The civilians have come out of their shuttered shelters to applaud as it goes by

"THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN"—THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL REGION NORTH OF THE RIVER PO, where an extraordinary number of separate civic centres—all with records of medieval and Renaissance independence and turbulence—have been the scene of street-fighting and anti-German resistance. This view shows the great Lombardy Plain in diagrammatic form, as seen from above Venice and the mouth of the River Po *(see also the note by Mr. Stevens below)—Drawing by E. G. Lomber*

The CAMPAIGN in ITALY

The Fighting Around Salerno and its Beaches—Drawings by "Sphere" Artists

—With a Note on Italian History Through the Centuries

APPLYING the old dictum that the happy country is the one with least history leads, correctly enough, to the conclusion that Italy has been the least fortunate country in Europe. Since the last of the "strong" Roman Emperors (Theodosius) died in A.D. 395, until Garibaldi liberated the country in 1860, Italy was almost invariably under foreign rule, often under several conflicting foreign rules, with internal quarrels thrown in. Then, as now, one of the principal cockpits was the Lombardic plain—principally the north central section of the Po basin, with Milan as its capital. Geographically and politically, Lombardy has always been closely linked with Venice—in fact, after the defeat of Napoleon, the two regions formed one kingdom for forty-five years.

The Lombards themselves were a wandering Germanic race, who invaded the North of Italy in 568. Their scheme of exploitation was remarkably like that of the present-day German—they did not bother to dispossess the native landlords, but simply decreed that the lion's share of the produce should be theirs. The native Italian was thus reduced to the position of a serf. The Lombards kept their place for nearly 200 years, being replaced by a succession of Frankish, Saxon and Germanic dictatorships until medieval days, when the struggle resolved itself as between the French, Spanish and Austrian ruling houses for the possession of Italy as an appendix. Over the long period from medieval days until Napoleon's invasion, the Italian pattern shows a striking repetitiveness. Even to-day the design shows little change. The larger cities tended to become petty states by themselves, bolstered up by shifting alliances either with the current invader, or some powerful local aristocrat. Dictatorial government of each city by a "podista," or chief magistrate, was about the only workable system under such conditions. The frequency of change of rulers, France to Spain, Spain to Austria, then back to France again—a cycle repeated not once but many times—possibly also accounts for the lack of concern felt by the present Italian at the present turn of events. After all, it was only in 1870 that Italy as we know it was born.

Milan, which now appears to be giving the latest Germanic invader a mixed reception, has always been the centre of a fairly strong local patriotism of a more or less enlightened kind. A Milanese rallying to the defence of his city knows he is defending something far older than modern Italy.

The Genoese were for long bitterly divided among themselves. The Guelph-Gibelline (popes or emperors) struggle knew no more bitter partisans than the Genoese. The Spaniards came out top dogs in 1529, and as long as Spain had a strong ruling house Italy had a moderate degree of peace. With the Spanish War of Succession (1713) Italy passed to Austria. The stage was set thus early for the inclusion of Italy as an Austro-Germanic cat's-paw. Though Austria's own internal struggles led to further patches being put in the crazy structure of the Italian State—the Republic of Genoa, the kingdoms of Sicily, the Duchy of Modena and other pseudo-independent "postage stamp" states—Austrian influence, overt or concealed, was always strong. Napoleon took the south away for a time, but Austria returned again after the Congress of 1875, having seen the Ligurian Republic and the Cis Alpine Republic join the ghosts of other short-lived states. For a time, from 1859 onwards, while Austria was decaying and Germany rising, Italy achieved a variety of independence. But after World War I, which left her weak and poor, the old Italian weakness for "strong man" rule betrayed her again into foreign domination.

Richard Stevens

THE ALLIES BRING FREEDOM TO CORSICAN PATRIOTS IN ITALY: This group of French civilians from Corsica had been interned on the Italian mainland: they were freed from their Axis jailers when Allied troops occupied the region in which their prison camp was situated. Above, they are eating their first meal after regaining their liberty. Since this picture was taken, French Commando troops and Corsican patriots have freed their island from the German Army of Occupation

AN INCIDENT IN SALERNO TOWN AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ALLIES: Two British war correspondents are surprised in an abandoned villa on the outskirts of the town when German patrols returned by night in an attempt to infiltrate into the British positions—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The scene depicted by our artist here was described in a despatch from Salerno by Mr. William Munday in the following terms: Apparently, after the Allies had occupied the town, a German patrol succeeded in returning to Salerno. "I know," said Mr. Munday, "because I saw it as I watched anxiously from the top-floor window of an abandoned villa on the outskirts of the town. Shortly after midnight we were awakened by machine-gun fire and the crack of rifles. From a villa a few hundred yards from us German machine-gunners were shooting into the town, sometimes with tracers. They had evidently come over the mountains and positioned themselves in the villa to cover the patrol, which had also infiltrated over the hills and was now sniping in the town. We barricaded the ground-floor windows and doors, and hurried upstairs, hoping the Germans would not notice the jeeps parked in the garden. War correspondents are not permitted to carry arms, and we did not have much confidence in the hope that German raiders would wait to read our shoulder badges or until we explained that we were non-combatants. Our drivers had rifles and they crouched in the windows, looking like Frontiersmen in a log cabin waiting for a Red Indian attack. The despatch-rider manned the bathroom window. In the streets around us, and among houses farther away, cracks of snipers' bullets continued until dawn. Sometimes, too, there were bursts from tommy-guns. Once five Germans padded in single file down the street past our villa on the way deeper into the town. Sniping and machine-gunning continued until dawn, when the raiders disappeared. They had shown how easy it is in this hilly country for small, worrisome parties to infiltrate, unless powerful forces of infantrymen are available to hold the line strongly and in depth"

HOW THE NAVY SAVED THE SITUATION ON THE SALERNO BEACHES AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE FIGHTING: Advancing German tanks are knocked out by direct hits from vessels out in the bay as they come forward to cut the Allied line in two—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

It is now generally recognised that the Navy played a very large part in the battle for the Salerno bridgeheads; enemy reports have gone so far as to state that naval gunfire "saved the situation" for the Allies. In the bay there was a great concentration of vessels of all types: coming close inshore at critical moments, the ships carried out a systematic blasting of the German positions. At one moment, when a number of enemy tanks advanced towards the beaches and threatened to cut our line into two, direct hits from the sea knocked the German armour to pieces. Later, when the enemy had retreated to the hill passes between Salerno and the Naples Plain, the Navy again joined in the struggle with devastating effect. "The effect on the enemy's morale must have been enormous," said one man who witnessed the shelling. "The earth shook and rumbled as shells found their mark." One destroyer on its return to base reported that it had fired 1,000 rounds in six days: it had to have new barrels fitted to its guns before returning to continue the bombardment

THE NAVY'S SUPPORT AT SALERNO

—As Transports for Shock-Troop Reinforcements, and as Bombardment Vessels Against the German Land Positions

On right—The vessel seen in the foreground of Mr. Dawson's drawing is a British cruiser of the Dido class. There are eight ships of this class, four of which were ordered in August 1937, another three in August 1938 and the eighth at a still later date: three were completed in 1940, four in 1941 and the last in 1942.

Dido herself has seen considerable service in the Mediterranean since she was commissioned in 1940. Like her sisters, she is a vessel of 5,450 tons, and is armed with ten 5·25-in. and sixteen smaller guns; in addition, she carries six 21-in. torpedo-tubes in two sets of three each to starboard and port. She is 506 ft. in length, and has a beam of 51½ ft. Built at the Cammell Laird yards, *Dido* has a speed of 33 knots.

Throughout the war the cruisers of the Royal Navy have played a great part—on convoy, on patrol and in battle. At one time during the "dark days" when Britain sustained the war against the Axis alone, the number available for service in the Mediterranean was very, very low indeed. To-day, the situation is completely reversed; and the only opposition—the Italian Navy—has been entirely eliminated from the scene.

H.M.S. "MAURITIUS," BRITISH CRUISER OF 8,000 TONS, GOING INSHORE TO BOMBARD THE GERMAN BATTERIES IN THE BAY OF SALERNO

The Mauritius class consists of nine of our most up-to-date cruisers: the displacement of each is 8,000 tons. Their armament consists of twelve 6-in. guns, eight 4-in. anti-aircraft gun, and sixteen smaller weapons. The length of each ship is 549 ft., and the beam 62 ft. Three aircraft are carried on board and there is a launching catapult: with engines developing 72,500 h.p., the speed is 33 knots. Ordered during the years 1937 to 1939, work was begun on the first of this class in February 1938. The first four were completed in 1940 and the remainder in 1942.

H.M.S. *Orion*, shown on the right, is one of four ships of the Leander class. All these vessels represent a return to moderate dimensions compared with the various ships of the 10,000-ton Treaty type: they were completed in the years 1933 to 1935. The new model 6-in. guns are arranged in four turrets—a disposition of armament which is regarded as the best for satisfactory control and superior in practice to the nine guns in triple mountings which was adopted for the German Köhn class. Some of the Leanders carry one aircraft on board; some carry two: all have one catapult. The complement of each ship is 550

BRITISH CRUISERS RACE TO THE BEACHES AT SALERNO: Breaking all records for speed, a number of these vessels acted as transports at a critical moment in the operations. They raced from North Africa with their decks lined with helmeted shock troops, reinforcements who helped to win the Battle of the Bridgeheads. Cruisers do not normally carry troops on board, so that their employment on this occasion was an indication of the seriousness of the situation
—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

H.M.S. "ORION," BRITISH CRUISER OF 7,215 TONS, WHICH ALSO TOOK PART IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE SHORE BATTERIES AT SALERNO. This 6-in.-gun cruiser is a member of the Leander class, each of which cost about £1,500,000 to build in 1931-34. Her guns were of an entirely new model produced by the "auto-frettage" system instead of being wire-wound as previously

THE SECOND PHASE AT SALERNO

After the Bridgehead had been Firmly Consolidated and the Allies had Begun to Press into the Naples Plain—*A Special* Sphere *Diagram-Drawing*

AFTER THE BEACHES HAD BEEN CAPTURED, AND THE FIFTH AND EIGHTH ARMIES HAD FIRMLY EST in Allied hands. In this area the Germans fough

Extending from the seaward tip of the Sorrento Peninsula (on which the town of Amalfi stands) to Eboli (lying to the east of Battipaglia, where fighting was protracted and fierce) there stretches a chain of hills which rises to mountain heights at various points. In this region, positions gained by the British and American forces operating in the Vietri-Cava area were found to be dominated by the still higher ground held by the enemy. As the month of September drew to a close, however, the German forces were at last cleared from all these positions and

"BISHOPS" OF A ROYAL ARTILLERY REGIMENT IN ACTION AROUND SALERNO. These heavy tank-mounted guns were amongst the first artillery to land and give support to our troops on the beaches. "The Bishop" was used in the Sicily campaign: it consists of the famous British 25-pounder mounted on a Valentine tank chassis. The combination of the 16-ton tank and mobile gun gives a speed of 15 miles an hour and an effective range of 13,000 yards

ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES IN THE SALERNO AREA. The beginning of the Battle for Naples, with the Amalfi Peninsula and the difficult country above Vietri entirely their fiercest, using batteries of 88-mm. guns, cement-lined trenches, minefields and barbed wire—*A Bird's-eye View by E. G. Lambert*

a general retreat of the enemy became evident, by way of Nocera and other routes leading to the Plain which commands the approaches to Naples around Mount Vesuvius. The mountain barrier—in short—had been forced, and the Battle of Salerno was giving place to the Battle for Naples itself. The whole of the narrow Sorrento-Amalfi Peninsula was occupied, together with some of the strategic islands off the Italian coast, while Allied forces were still engaging in tough fighting in the Nocera hills. Farther to the east, above Battipaglia and Eboli, the German line began to curve backwards as the frontal pressure by the Fifth Army continued, and as the threat from the Eighth Army, advancing from Foggia to the east, on the left flank of the Germans, grew stronger. Pilots observed that the roads in this area were crowded with lines of enemy vehicles moving in the direction of Avellino and Sarno: retreating troops were also attacked by our aircraft on the shore road leading from Torre Annunziata around the Bay of Naples into Naples itself.

HOW ENEMY AIR ATTACKS WERE REPELLED IN THE EARLIER STAGES OF THE FIGHTING: 3·7-in. anti-aircraft guns in action at night at a time when the Germans were making the most desperate endeavours to drive the Allied forces out of their brideghead positions. Owing to the speed with which equipment and reinforcements were disembarked, however, our guns were soon replying effectively to the enemy's attacks

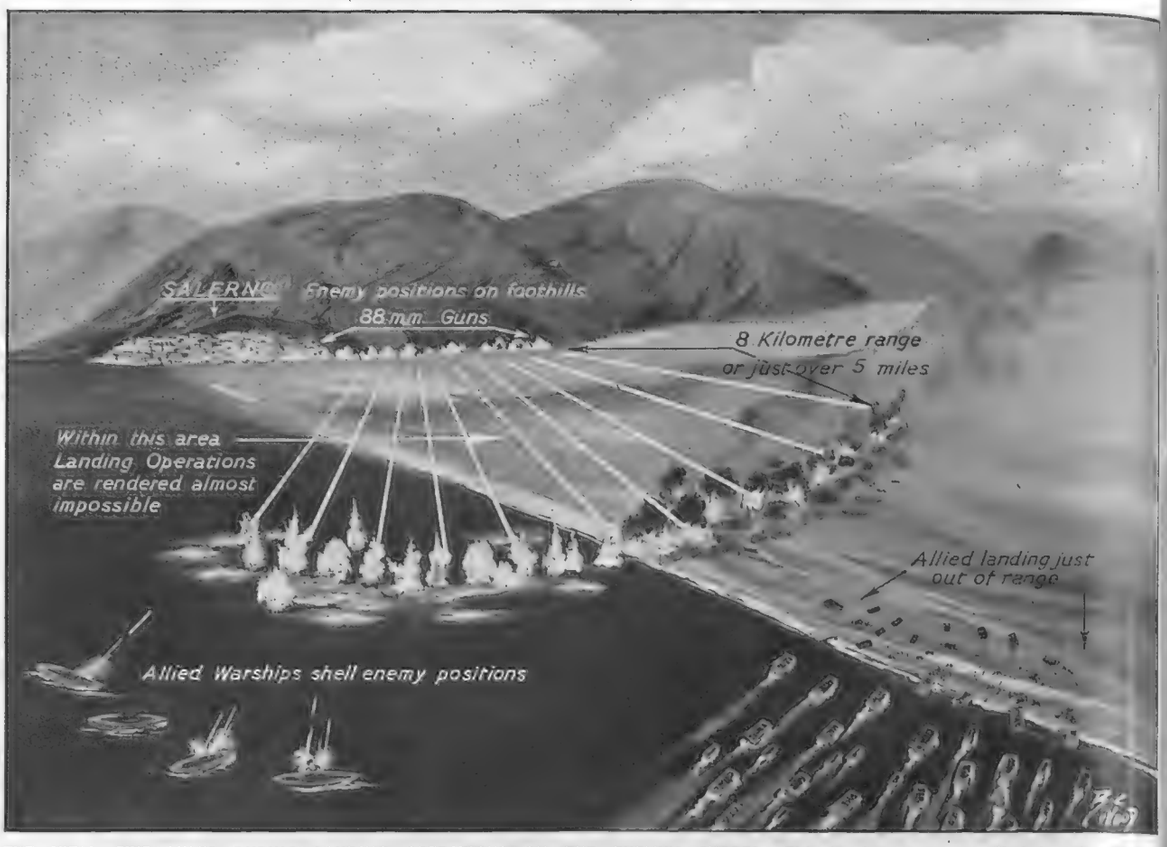
THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS NOW IN ALLIED HANDS

And a Note on Allied Strategy in the Battle of Salerno

—Special Sphere *Drawings and Diagrams*

The drawing given on the right illustrates one of the most important considerations governing landing operations on a hostile coast, such as those at Salerno. "The Battle of the Salerno Beaches was fought for five miles of sand," one military commentator has declared. "These five miles are the key to the success or failure of every amphibious assault, and also of airborne attack against enemy airfields. For the effective range of the enemy artillery concentrated to oppose Allied landings is roughly eight kilometres, or just over five miles. So long as the Germans can stay within this range of the disembarking troops, they can keep the invasion force and its ships under observation and concentrated fire."

The German 88-mm. has a theoretical range of 16,000 yards and can fire a 20-lb. shell at the rate of sixteen rounds per minute. The German 105-mm. field-gun fires a 32-lb. shell and has a range of 12,000 yards. The German 150-mm. gun has a theoretical range of 16,000 yards and fires either 80- or 95-pounders. Though the 88-mm. and the 150-mm. gun have thus a nominal range of nine miles, in practice their range is never over seven. The immediate effect of pushing inland from the Salerno beaches in the south was to remove the danger of reinforcements being shelled. It also put freshly landed and not yet deployed forces outside the range of the German mortars and guns



THE VITAL FIVE MILES DURING LANDING OPERATIONS ON THE ENEMY'S SHORES. This is the area controlled by the 88-mm. guns, which the enemy can bring up quickly to oppose any invasion forces: therefore, landings must be made on beaches outside the range of his artillery. For this reason, the first bridgeheads in the Bay of Salerno were established on the 25-mile strip of coast running southwards from the town of Salerno itself. Until the enemy's positions in the foothills overlooking the beaches were subdued, our hold on these bridgeheads was precarious: but when our own heavy equipment—tanks, guns, etc.—had been landed the position at once improved and the batteries of 88-mm. and other guns were then quickly knocked out—*Drawing by B. C. Wood* (See notes at left)

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE BATTLE AROUND SALERNO: After the consolidation of the bridgeheads, the Fifth Army moved northwards towards Naples and north-eastwards by way of Contursi, whilst the Eighth Army, moving up from the "toe" of Italy, crossed the Ofanto River towards the important air bases at Foggia which soon came into our possession—*Special* Sphere *map*

After the Battle of the Beaches, the next step in Allied strategy was an advance in the direction of Naples—with the capture of that important city and naval base as the immediate objective. To accomplish it, a thrust was made by way of Vietri, through the hill country, towards the plain which opens out at the south-easterly end of Mount Vesuvius. Coincident with this move, other forces of the Fifth Army made a thrust against the German positions around Contursi, where they successfully broke through and continued their push to the north-east. Meanwhile, the Eighth Army, coming up rapidly along the Italian east coast, were heading for the air bases at Foggia: the crossing of the Ofanto River was made at Canosa, with the Germans abandoning all the ground between that town and Foggia itself. The object of these Allied moves was obvious—the creation of a line right across the country from west coast to east, and the thrusting back of the enemy towards the north of Italy. It was not long before Naples itself was in Allied hands

THE SEIZURE OF THE ISLANDS OFF THE WEST COAST OF ITALY: A view taken from above the island of Capri and looking north towards Ponza Island. The dates of occupation are indicated in this diagrammatic view—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

Within easy distance of Naples there are a surprising number of more or less important islands: many of these are now firmly held by Allied forces, and they may conceivably serve as bases for further operations against the enemy in the central and northern areas of Italy. Capri, at the end of the Sorrento Peninsula, was the first to be taken over within a few hours of our landings at Salerno. Then came the occupation of Ponza on September 15, and the surrender of Ischia and Procida on the 18th: the latter is only four miles from the mainland west of the city of Naples. Elba, another and important Italian island, lies farther to the north outside the area of this diagrammatic view

THE SEIZURE OF THE ITALIAN ISLANDS on the right flank of the Allies—Cos, Leros, Samos and Castellorizo have all been occupied by British forces in the Eastern Mediterranean

With the collapse of Italy, the Dodecanese Islands in the Eastern Mediterranean were left "in the air." The Germans at once turned their guns and aircraft on the Italian garrisons at Rhodes and Scarpanto, and tightened their hold on these two islands; but Castellorizo, Cos, Leros and Samos were quickly in Allied hands; and British and American bombers were soon carrying out concentrated air attacks on the German-held islands. The enemy garrisons may find shortly that their position so far from the main German centres is not an enviable one!

At the western end of the Mediterranean, guarding the left flank of the Allies, lie Sardinia and Corsica. The former was abandoned by the Germans when it became apparent that the inhabitants were solidly against them. On the latter, troops of the Fighting French from North Africa were landed at Ajaccio and the Germans were forced out, retiring through the port of Bastia to the island of Elba in small boats, and then on to the Italian mainland

THE SEIZURE OF THE ISLANDS on the left flank of the Allies. Sardinia taken over by the Italians, and Corsica taken over by the Fighting French from North Africa

The MEN of the LITTLE SHIPS

And Two of Their Recent Encounters with the German E-boats

The men of the "Little Ships" have again been very active around the shores of Britain. The pictures reproduced on this page illustrate two recent actions, and show some of the officers who took part in them.

While on patrol off the Dutch coast near Ijmuiden early on the morning of September 20, light coastal forces of the Royal Navy under the command of Lieut.-Com. D. G. Bradford, D.S.C., encountered an enemy supply ship of large size accompanied by a strong escort of patrol vessels, armed trawlers and minesweepers. Our vessels were able to approach unobserved to close range, and the supply ship was attacked by torpedo. Two hits were scored between funnel and foremast, and the vessel sank. The heavily-armed enemy escorts were also successfully engaged. One trawler was left with her stern awash, on fire and in a sinking condition. A second enemy escort ship was seen to burst into flames. All of our ships returned safely to harbour, where the group picture reproduced below was taken of the Commanding Officers who took part in the action.

AFTER A HIGH-SPEED ENCOUNTER between British M.L.s and German E-boats off the East Coast on September 25. German officers among the prisoners are blindfolded before being landed at the Little Ships' base in England

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL PATROL OFF THE DUTCH COAST NEAR IJMUIDEN ON SEPTEMBER 20: A "homecoming group" of the six officers who commanded the ships of a light coastal force which successfully engaged a German convoy in the North Sea. From left to right, the names are—Lieut. W. Harrop, Lieut. G. W. Claytin, Lieut. P. C. Wilkinson, Lieut.-Com. D. G. Bradford, D.S.C. (in command of the whole British force), Lieut. D. G. Dowling and Lieut. J. A. H. Whitby

LIEUT. R. F. SEDDON on the bridge of his M.L. after the high-speed encounter off the East Coast

The second action illustrated here was a high-speed encounter off the East Coast early on the morning of September 25, during the course of which two British motor-launches rammed and sank one German E-boat, damaged another by gunfire, put to flight a third and captured sixteen prisoners.

Describing the action, Lieut. Thomas said: "At very close range we opened fire. The first E-boat flashed past my bows and took terrific punishment from our guns as he retreated. I was in a lovely position to ram the second E-boat. We bore down on him at speed. There was a crash and a shudder as we went into the E-boat just for'ard of the bridge. The E-boat lurched over. My bows were damaged and I had to stop, but my gunners kept up a solid barrage."

Lieut. Seddon said: "I decided to continue the ramming treatment, but the E-boat wriggled out of the way as I went for him at high speed, and we went under his bows with five yards to spare. My gunners gave him a pasting. Again I gave the order, 'Stand by to ram.' We bore down from 30 yards and both ships met head-on. It was a remarkable sensation. We rose out of the water over the E-boat's bows and foredeck before hitting the sea again."

Later the E-boat caught fire and broke up. They picked up two officers and eleven ratings. Lieut. Thomas's launch rescued three other German survivors. Both launches returned safely to harbour, with one officer and one rating slightly wounded.

***On left*—LIEUT. J. O. THOMAS, Commanding Officer of one of the M.L.s engaged in the September 25 action off the East Coast, is welcomed back to port**

THE ROYAL NAVY BRINGS ANOTHER CONVOY SAFELY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. "For four months no merchant vessel was sunk by enemy action in the North Atlantic," said Mr. Churchill on September 22. But this was achieved only through the never-ceasing watchfulness of our naval and escort vessels. The picture above, taken during a recent voyage, shows how this watch against the U-boats and enemy aircraft is maintained on board an escorting cruiser

THE U-BOAT MENACE IS CHECKED

THE MAN WHO GUARDS THE WATERS AROUND BRITAIN: A new picture of Admiral Sir Max Horton, C.-in-C., Western Approaches, studying the "plot" from his office with the aid of binoculars

When Mr. Churchill gave his last review of the progress of the war on his return from America, one of the highlights was his survey of the U-boat war in the Atlantic. The Prime Minister revealed that, following on the great victory won by our North Atlantic convoys and their escorts in May last, there was "a magnificent diminution of sinkings." In fact, for the four months ending on September 18 not a single ship was sunk by enemy action in the North Atlantic: further, in the first fortnight of September no Allied ship was sunk by U-boat action *in any part of the world*. Even while the Prime Minister was speaking, however, the Germans had begun a new submarine campaign: it remains to be seen what results will follow. The Royal Navy, supported by the R.A.F. and by aircraft flown from carriers at sea, have never relaxed their vigilance even during the quiet summer months: they will not do so during the rougher weather to come

LARGE LINERS WERE AMONG THE VESSELS IN THE CONVOY SHOWN IN THE LARGER PICTURE ABOVE: Two of them are here seen ploughing their way across the Atlantic, laden with passengers and stores for Britain, under the watchful eye of the Navy

ONE YEAR OF WAR—October 1942 to October 1943

The Marvellous Improvement within the Space of Twelve Months of the Allied Position on Land, by Sea, and in the Air. Reviewed by CHARLES GRAVES

IT is inevitable that the shortening days and lengthening black-out of the fifth winter of the World War should create a feeling of staleness at home, however encouraging the reports from the various battlefronts. But look at the position as it was a year ago. October 1942 to October 1943 has been a real *annus mirabilis*. This time last year India was in a ferment, Gandhi had been arrested, and there were outbreaks in Delhi, Madras, Poona and many other cities marked by incendiarism and pillage. Mobs led by Congressmen attacked police stations, burned police officers and men alive, murdered the crew of an aeroplane which had made a forced landing, and dragged two young Canadians of the R.A.F. from a passenger train in which they were travelling and hacked them to pieces. Over £750,000 worth of damage was done to the railways; 500 post offices were attacked, and over fifty burned down.

Burma, in spite of General Alexander's brilliant fighting retreat, had been lost to the Japanese. We were still reeling from the effects of the surrender of General Klopper at Tobruk with 30,000 troops; Rommel had advanced to the very gates of Cairo, and it was very largely the self-sacrifice of the R.A.F. which had temporarily saved the situation. The Japanese in Burma formed the second claw of Hitler's formidable pincer movement aimed at the capture of the Indian Empire, not to mention Egypt and the Suez Canal. Malta was within three weeks of "target day," the day when the island fortress would have had to capitulate simply because there would literally be no food left for the garrison and the 350,000 inhabitants. Already the gallant Maltese were so under-nourished that they could not ride bicycles without feeling dizzy. The Governor and his wife had already eaten Pearl, their favourite white peacock. The fighting overhead was so fierce that the fighter pilots' "tour" was limited to six weeks.

We had lost cruiser after cruiser, destroyer after destroyer, and battleships too, all over the world. The much-vaunted assistance of the Eighth American Air Force was entirely negligible, less than two squadrons of Flying Fortresses being available. The Japanese were advancing steadily in the Solomons and were destroying American ships right and left; the Australians took the unprecedented course of appealing direct to the United States instead of to Great Britain for assistance; serious anti-war demonstrations were taking place in South Africa, where a number of persons suspected of sabotage were arrested in the possession of large quantities of explosives. France was completely cowed, and General de Gaulle was receiving little of the support which he merited. At Trondheim, ten leading Norwegians were executed.

Here in England there was a debate on the coal crisis; and when Ellen Wilkinson visited Liverpool to call for more women fire-watchers, she was greeted with hoots and catcalls. Worst of all, Russia seemed hopelessly defeated. Hitler was more confident than ever. "Never fear, we will take Stalingrad whenever we want," he had just said in his most cocksure speech of the war. The Russians had been thrown back hundreds of miles. Admiral Standley had paid an urgent visit to Stalin. It seemed sure that within a few weeks Russian resistance would have been sufficiently broken as to enable the Germans to turn round and give us all they'd got. It is true that our bombing of Germany was steadily mounting, but already the R.A.F. was beginning to experience considerable losses from enemy night fighters whose increasing numbers were already becoming a much greater menace than flak. Germany was, indeed, so confident about the outcome of the war that she deliberately broke international law by manacling Canadian troops captured at Dieppe some weeks previously. Simultaneously it was learned in London that the Channel Islanders had been taken to slavery on the Continent.

In the meantime, the U-boats were hunting in packs off West Africa, while the blitz of Malta was being stepped up to an unprecedented degree of ferocity; the United States lost three big cruisers in the Solomons; and Major-General Koch, the German armaments chief, announced that their new tank was superior both to the Russian K.V. and our Churchill tank. The Prime Minister himself announced that the most sombre moment of the war was at hand.

That was on October 13, 1942. On the following day General Smuts arrived in London. The plot was thickening. But new attacks were still taking place in Stalingrad, where the Russians were more hard pressed than ever. The Japs landed artillery in the Solomons. Guadalcanal was in grave danger. Major-General Montgomery was appointed a Lieutenant-General. On October 19, those ninety-four Lancasters made their famous hedge-hopping attack on the Creusot Works, and Admiral Darlan mysteriously appeared in Algiers. The Stalingrad crisis increased daily until October 24, and then suddenly came the news of our success at El Alamein.

It was a terrific task. The German defences consisted of an elaborate system of connected minefields guarded by barbed wire and covered by gun positions and strong points. Further back was heavy artillery; behind that, tanks. There were uninterrupted fields of fire from well-positioned field guns, anti-tank guns, and machine-guns, usually placed in deeply-dug pits. Rommel clearly thought that such defences were practically impregnable. For twelve days the battle was in the balance. That was the night when the B.B.C. announcer prefaced the news-bulletin with the phrase: "Here's some cracking good news."

Within another four days, on the 7 a.m. news, British listeners were astounded to hear of the American landing operations in North Africa.

In the meantime, the situation had changed dramatically in front of Stalingrad.

Since then, the United Nations have had an almost uninterrupted succession of victories. There was, of course, the break at Kasserine and Tebourba. More recently, there was the initial setback at Salerno. But who could possibly have imagined this time last year that Badoglio and his Government would be on our side; that the Russians would be within a few miles of their own frontier; that for a period of four months there was not a single ship lost in the North Atlantic; and that the two squadrons of Flying Fortresses should have increased to nearly a thousand aircraft supported by hundreds of Thunderbolts?

It is true that we seem to have run into a sequence of small strikes at home; but if you look at the record of the war workers in 1917 and 1918, you would find that they were infinitely more disloyal than they are to-day, and Home Guard duties, Civil Defence duties, queueing, crowded trains, a general lack of fats and meat, seem much more tolerable than they did at this time last year, when, as far as the populace was concerned, there was literally not a single ray of light.

By contrast, compare the position of the average German, whether he is in the armed forces or working in a factory. For three years he had been living much more on the fat of the land than the average Englishman could possibly visualise. All the loot of war—champagne, silk stockings, Norwegian silver foxes, Danish eggs and butter, Dutch liqueurs—had fallen into his lap. Casualties had been comparatively light; their satellites were taking a large share in the fighting on the Eastern Front and elsewhere.

Look at the situation now from the point of view of the average middle-aged German. He must be haunted by the nightmare of 1918. He sees his homeland being ruthlessly transformed from perhaps the most highly industrialised country in the world into an agricultural waste. His Afrika Korps has been eliminated; the British have advanced over 1,400 miles into Italy by way of Tunisia; in Russia the supposedly invincible German Army has been driven back hundreds of miles; the Balkans are in a ferment, and the Italians, whom he never really trusted, have fulfilled his worse fears. Every day aerodromes on the mainland of Italy are falling into our hands and threatening imminent doom to all those parts of Germany which have previously escaped concentrated destruction.

We may feel impatient if we do not have a victory every day of the week, but, I repeat, think of the Germans, who, in spite of everything that has been said about them, remain a logical race and have always been as bad on a bear market as they have been good on a bull market.

THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFUL TWELVE MONTHS: The Scots Guards go into action at El Alamein in October 1942, at the beginning of a year which has seen the freeing of the whole of the Mediterranean and the landing of Allied armies on the European mainland

A GREAT ALLIED FLEET INVADES NORTH AFRICA: How the net around the Axis began to be drawn tight. The sea as far as the horizon is covered with ships as the Allied armies are conveyed to Morocco for the invasion of Tunisia. Then came the expulsion of the Germans and Italians from the whole of the North African coast

THE ALMOST-FORGOTTEN MAN. A year ago the name of Mahatma Gandhi was on everyone's lips. To-day, after imprisonment in Poona, he is hardly mentioned by newspapers or in private talk

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS OUT OF ITALY

How Mussolini was "Rescued" by German Parachute Troops—A Series of Exclusive Pictures —And Two Views of the Italian Carabinieri Working in their New Duties under A.M.G.O.T.

BEFORE THE RESCUE: The head of the German paratroops, General Student (on right), chatting to S.S. Leader Skorzeny, who led the "Liberation Expedition" to the Gran Sasso Plateau, and giving him the last instructions before the party left

GERMAN PARATROOPS, AFTER BEING LANDED near the Hotel at Gran Sasso, where Mussolini was imprisoned, are here seen "sneaking up against the Italian guards"

THE PARATROOPS WHO TOOK PART IN THE "LIBERATION EXPEDITION" waving good-bye to Mussolini as his plane took off. Its wing-tip can just be seen on the right

After Mussolini's rescue from imprisonment, many questions were asked as to how it had been carried out. To still certain rumours, an official statement was issued from Berlin, and the four pictures reproduced here were circulated to confirm this statement. The Berlin version runs as follows: "Mussolini had been taken to the 9,000-ft. mountain of the Gran Sasso in the Abruzzi Mountains (north of Rome), where he was kept prisoner in a former mountain hotel, guarded by several hundred Carabinieri. The hotel could be reached only by a funicular railway on which all traffic had been prohibited. The rescuers were dropped by parachute from a plane which came down only a few hundred feet above the mountain hotel. They landed on a narrow plateau in front of the building. While some of his men mounted a machine-gun, the leader of the group entered the hotel through the cellar, where he found a radio station, which he destroyed.

"Meanwhile, more parachutists had arrived with heavy arms. . . . The S.S. leader and his men then stormed into the hotel, brushing aside the Italian machine-guns. They entered Mussolini's room, where they found him guarded by two officials of the Italian Secret Police, who were forcibly removed from the room. The S.S. leader said to Mussolini, 'Duce, the Führer sends me to liberate you. You are now under my protection.'

"The Duce embraced him, deeply moved, and said: 'I guessed it. I never doubted that the Führer would do everything to get me out of here.' In the meantime a German Fieseler-Storch plane had landed on the plateau The Duce and his liberators then took off"

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT: The British Field Security Police check over the local Fascists at Nicastro. Here the Carabinieri are being examined by an Italian-speaking Sergeant: if passed and accepted to continue their duties, they are issued with a special card and arm-band

THE CARABINIERI ARE KEPT ON IN THEIR ORIGINAL POLICE WORK, and are given special arm-bands showing their authority over the civil population on behalf of the British

Both the above pictures were taken at the typical South Italian town of Nicastro, which lies about 100 miles to the north of Reggio. They illustrate the manner in which A.M.G.O.T. controls the local police force in the occupied territories and ensures that the administration of the district is continued "under the new management"

MUSSOLINI (in civilian clothes) seated in the Fieseler-Storch plane just before it took off from the Gran Sasso Plateau

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

Red Rags and Mad Bulls.—When the time comes for me to lay aside my pen and retire from the battlefield of free-lance journalism, I shall offer for sale to the first reasonable bid the valuable fruits of three decades in Grub Street. Many a young aspirant to journalistic success could do much worse than look through my notebook. No doubt, like all young men, he will buy his own experience in the end, but advice is always on tap, always hopefully offered. My notebook contains a section on the "Reader Who Writes to You." There are two classes of these — the Constructive and the Destructive. The former is the greatest comfort, help and pleasure to every journalist who takes pride in his work, be that work light journalism or profound publicism. He is always a thinker, often well-educated. If he designs to criticise, he observes Pope's principle that a show of impartiality and civility gives criticism, however pointed, its best chance of hitting the mark. He knows well that mere brutality and rage and gall instantly alienate the journalist who has unwittingly stirred the hornets' nest of an individual readers' antipathy, and will condemn his letter unanswered to the W.P.B.

If he designs to praise or concur, he knows how to do it without adulation or over-emphasis, and his encouragement is welcome as manna in the wilderness.

He often supplies invaluable data, bridges gulfs, fills lacunæ, corrects misstatements of fact, manages always to avoid correcting mere slips or obvious printer's errors, and generally is the journalist's best friend, ally and co-operator.

Nor is he in my experience a *rara avis*.

The Destructive correspondent is another matter altogether. He, too, is no *rara avis*; I have many types in my specimen cases, but for the most part they derive from two main species: the species that walks the earth with a bee in its bonnet, a King Charles's head, an *idée fixe*; or (tragic fraternity) the species that has a passion for self-expression, for setting forth its ideas on foolscap, or, better still, in print—a passion which inherent incompetence, faulty education or incorrigible lack of application have always denied indulgence.

Both of these species of destructive critics are totally devoid of humour, and the very fury of their irritation with a writer who has questioned the authenticity of their King Charles's head robs them invariably of any ration of syntax or civility which they may have picked up at school. Whatever else may distinguish their correspondence, lack of humour, lack of ordinary civility and grammatical errors are invariable.

The list of red rags in any journalist's notebook is a curious hotch-potch. There is no cataloguing it, no scientific method of tracing genealogy or origins.

"Reader Over Your Shoulder."—Almost every journalist would probably agree that matters of religion evoke the most instant and bitter and barbarous criticism in his day's mail. The wise journalist (who loves peace) learns soon enough to keep off the religious field. Few are born wise enough to know that *praise* of one form of religion not his own is as potent a cause of irritation to a religious fanatic as condemnation of his own form. But we live and learn, if in the process we grow cynical. Next after religion comes nationalism.

Readers from various Balkan countries are peculiarly touchy and react strongly to the slightest reference to their native land which is anything short of fulsome praise. And the same may be said of Welshmen. The Englishman of this genre, on the other hand, can stand, and even enjoy, a good deal of unfriendly criticism of his own national characteristics and foibles, of which he is often proud, but one thing he cannot tolerate is praise of Scotland and the Scot.

Here is a typical letter from a "gentle reader" irritated by a chance reference to the charm of the Highlands.

"I have just read your stupid and impudent article. You are no doubt one of those Scotchmen with whom our English papers are (*sic*) unfortunately infested: what Shakespeare calls, the weasel Scot (*sic*). They come down and take the bread out of Englishmen's mouths and make a practice of posing as anonymous Englishmen in order to attack England. . . ."

The idea of Scotsmen stealing the Englishman's bread seems to be written on the hearts of these armchair critics. But whether the fault (dear Brutus) lies in the rapacity of the Scot or in the incapacity of yourself, I will only theorise in silent thought. Politics in recent decades have been way down the list of red-rags. Their high-water mark of fury ended with Gladstone and Dizzy, with a revival at the time of the Parliament Bill and the Irish troubles of 1911-14. They will come again.

THE SHRIMP FISHERS OF BAWLEY BAY: Cooking and sorting the catch after the nets have been lifted. Bawley Bay, at Gravesend, is a hive of activity every midday: there the shrimpers anchor their "Bawley boats" after the morning's work in the Thames Estuary. Lately, the small fleet has been moving down river as early as 3.30 a.m. At dawn, when between Southend and Port Victoria, the nets are cast and fine hauls of shrimps caught within an hour or two. But this is not the only prize nowadays. The shrimpers cannot recall times when they have found so many soles and whiting in the nets. In fact, when some skippers come ashore after cooking the shrimps aboard they are besieged by friends who want to purchase the freshly caught fish. The shrimpers attribute the large quantity of fish in the river to restricted fishing activity in other parts

Winning Gambits.—Hardly less valuable to a young journalist (*sua si bona norit*) is my annotated harvest of experience of how to arouse his reader's interest (as opposed to his fury).

Again, the catalogue is various and not to be explained. There are certain matters which a journalist can treat of with the sure hope of arousing keen interest and receiving a bulging mail-bag.

A new cooking-stove heads the list. Indeed, any new device to smooth the uphill path of the housewife or amateur gardener is a certain draw. A gadget for the kitchen, a new garden scythe, a patent hoe, even a really efficient pair of gardening gloves (if such there be), will bring inquiries from all over the Empire. The next item on this list bears no apparent relationship to ideal cooking-stoves. It is genealogy and the tracing of ancestors. Australia and the U.S. are the first to respond—the more apparently "democratic" the institutions of a country, the more do its citizens respond to the appeal of ancestry. The boast of heraldry finds a fruitful field "down under" and in the United States.

Longevity and links with the past stand third on the list. "Death is common to all," and none likes the idea of it. It follows (on a more logical basis than usual) that any instance of a human being cheating the Reaper and outliving his normal span cheers the heart of man conscious of mortality and evokes his keenest interest; and "links with the past" (which are but picturesque and circumstantial evidences of this cheating of death) are specially popular journalistic counters.

I have seen, among a famous and popular journalist's stock-in-trade, an enormous file—indexed and cross-indexed—of such links-with-the-past stories. You know the style: "My father in his youth dined with an old man who often said, 'When my father led his regiment at the Battle of the Boyne,' or 'had sat on the knee of an old woman whose father saw Charles I walking in the garden of Trinity College, Oxford. . . .'"

I could continue this list for several pages. But I am a busy man and somewhat disillusioned. The young don't need advice from me. The aspirant in journalism has his own ideas of how to make journalism a live force (thank you!).

I will keep the rest of my notebook to myself until I am asked politely to distribute a few more pearls of wisdom. Human nature is a queer, illogical thing.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*My Sister Eileen*" (Savoy).—The films long ago put an end to the American flavour in farce being a new one. Yet *My Sister Eileen*, which is as American as anything yet seen on the stage, is wholly a novelty and at the same time one of the most hilariously amusing farces which have ever cheered up London. It is good to get away from unfaithful husbands, French "vamps" and "My God, my wife!"—Quick Curtain. Incident at the Savoy Theatre is more to the fore than situation (only too frequently conventional situation which has done duty for years), and each incident is utterly preposterous. The yarn of two ambitious (and quite respectable) young girls who share a basement studio in New York, though good enough as a foundation of sorts, is only important in that it gives an opportunity to two charming and quite brilliant young actresses, Miss Sally Gray and Miss Coral Browne. They make full use of that opportunity, and the play owes much to them for the vast success it will undoubtedly enjoy. Are constant explosions, causing the plaster to fall from the roof (of the stage, not the auditorium) funny? Are Portuguese sailors, understanding no English, in amorous pursuit of Miss Gray funny? Is a young man with a hairy chest funny? Is the spectacle of another young man, immaculate in a white suit, continually falling downstairs, funny? All I can say is that all are very, very funny in this case, and that I laughed good and hard all the time. Mr. Firth Shephard is a genius at spotting winners, and he has surely never produced a more certain winner than this.

"*Something in the Air*" (Palace).—In this typical Courtneidge-Hulbert musical comedy, the fun is far more strictly—shall I say?—rationed. That is not to say that it does not exist, and the familiar arrangement—Miss Cecily Courtneidge is a series of brilliantly comic impersonations of elderly females and Mr. Jack Hulbert dancing (mostly tap-dancing) amiable attendance — is followed closely enough and, on the whole, successfully. But there are some dullish spots and rather too many of them. Miss Jean Gillie is given little chance to do anything but look attractive, about which she finds no difficulty. Miss Gabrielle Brune puts over her songs with cleverness and charm. The chorus is unusually active and alluring.

STAGE SUCCESS STORY: The eighteen-year-old chorus girl who made good. Nancy Monks was until a few weeks ago, a chorus girl in *The Merry Widow* at His Majesty's Theatre, London. When Carol Raye left the cast to take a leading part in another show Nancy Monks undertook to play the role of Frou Frou. She did not want any announcement to this effect until she made good in her new part—which she has!

NEWS ITEMS from the HOME FRONT

With a Note on the Sail-driven Motor Launch which Successfully Made Port

THE CITY OF LONDON ELECTS THE NEW LORD MAYOR AT THE GUILDHALL: A picture taken after the old-time ceremony. From left to right above are seen: The Chaplain, the Sword Bearer, the present Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor-Elect, Sir Frank Newson-Smith

"CALLING THE COMPANIES" before the arrival of the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor-Elect at the Guildhall: A few days ago, the new Lord Mayor of London was chosen at the Guildhall for the ensuing civic year. He is Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Alderman of Farringdon Within, a Member of the Stock Exchange and of the Honourable Artillery Company; and he will assume his high office on November 9. The election was attended with all the ancient ceremonies, in which the present Lord Mayor, Sir Samuel Joseph, played a prominent part

MISS PAM BARTON COACHES AIRMEN AT GOLF: Flight Officer Pamela Barton, the champion women golfer, is now at a Fighter Command Station, and she has just started a golfing class among the pilots and personnel. Above, a Fleet Air Arm pilot and others look on with interest as she instructs a Canadian Pilot Officer in the correct manner of finishing a stroke. The Station's mascot is apparently quite uninterested

THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL after the Prime Minister and leading members of the Government had addressed 6,000 women war-workers at a "secret" meeting. The object of this was to bring delegates from the war factories into direct touch with Ministers responsible for national policy affecting women. The representatives were given many interesting details concerning our vast war programme and the part they are playing in it

***On right*—A MOTOR-LAUNCH FINISHES A 3,000-MILE VOYAGE UNDER SAIL: With all sails rigged, she runs before the wind on the home stretch**

With awnings rigged as sails to help her along and her engineers working hand-pumps to get up the last drops of fuel, a British naval motor-launch recently made a West African port after the 3,000-miles voyage from Britain. This M.L. was one of a flotilla which knew they were going to the extreme limit of their range. Every expedient was tried to reduce fuel consumption. As they neared their destination and fuel had been reduced to a very low level, "fuel remaining" signals were made to the flotilla leader every 4 hours. It soon became evident that one M.L. was getting lower than the rest. Two days from their final destination this launch had become so seriously low in fuel that they feared they would have to be towed into port, so they decided to cut down revs. and rig sails. By collecting canvas awnings they rigged a satisfactory mainsail on the signal mast. Then with bearing-out spars, boat-hooks and a smaller awning, they made a sort of sail amidships—so like a junk sail that it was christened the "Wang-ho Main Royal." Aft they hoisted the dinghy sail just as it was. Surprisingly, the whole outfit worked beautifully, and they made headway at about 11 knots. When they entered the harbour the engineers were working the hand-pumps to get up the last drops of fuel.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

POEMS, NEW NOVELS, and an AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Walter de la Mare's Anthology of Love; The Life of A. A. Milne; Life on a Corvette; Secret Service in North Africa; The Lady of the Manor; The Beauties of the Home Counties

WHEN I picked up Mr. Walter de la Mare's **LOVE** (Faber, 25s.), I remembered something "Q" once said: "British poetry contains a very great deal of information about love, some of it really illuminating; but the language is frequently ill-regulated and its authors allowed their passions to run on unworthy subjects, not to say hussies." Now, ill-regulated language is often the most readable, and hussies are notoriously bewitching. Everyone who knows *Come Hither* will guess the kind of compilation Mr. de la Mare has made of *Love*: that is—readable and bewitching.

My only quarrel with this beautifully printed and nobly produced volume is that the author has followed the lead set by Auden in *The Poet's Tongue*, and omitted the authors' names from the text. After a time "reading blind" becomes too much of a school test. Usually you can say with confidence: "Hats off, gentlemen—a genius!" or, doubtfully, "A shade bogus, surely?"—and find your reactions approved by the index. But it is irritating to have yourself forced to play poet's punter all the time. Irritating, too, that a poem like Wyatt's exquisite "They flee from me that sometime did me seek" should be omitted from both indices—or is it out of shame for using such a bad text of it?

Such blemishes are few. St. George for England, St. Pancras for Scotland and de la Mare for anthologies. Never was such an eye for delights. I like "Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other" (Rilke). And the artist's reply when asked what he was trying for in his picture: "Oh, Beauty, you know." And a million other things. But don't imagine it is a bedside book: you won't get a wink all night.

Mr. A. A. Milne has given his autobiography the melancholy title of **IT 'S TOO LATE NOW** (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), which, as he explains, means "that heredity and environment make the child, and the child makes the man, and the man makes the writer; so it 's too late now . . . for me to be a different writer." There are possibly thousands of readers who could reassure him over any such change.

Mr. Milne was born in 1882, a fact which mildly surprised me, as did the information that H. G. Wells had been a botany master at one of his schools. He was the youngest of the three sons of a London schoolmaster, and in due course attended his father's school and developed enthusiasm for mathematics. This passed in time, however, into a more literary trend, and when he was at Westminster School he began to write light verse with his brother Ken, to whom he was devoted and who remained his closest companion for many years. When he went up to Cambridge in 1900 his secret ambition was to edit the *Granta*, and this he achieved, though he did not make a mathematician. His father was then persuaded to finance him modestly, and for a short time, as a free-lance in London, where he tackled and finally won over *Punch*. Not unnaturally the last war interrupted his career, but in his case it also provided an incentive for work in the theatre, and some years later he had his first big success with *Mr. Pim Passes By*, and a subsequent and spectacular one with the books about Christopher Robin.

It is a pleasantly written autobiography in which the author's celebrated light touch is very evident, if only for his own references to it. It is charming, soothing, slightly on the defensive, and very easy to read. If it lacks high lights and contrast, and if the author's accounts of his big and genuine successes are presented with all the ecstatic fervour of a summer afternoon at Lord's—that is, after all, his manner, and it is partly that manner which has built his reputation.

Lieut. Nicholas Monsarrat has written a sequel to that superb little book, *H.M. Corvette*, and says of it that "this is my second book on corvettes; as things are, it is unlikely to be the last; indeed, in my mind's eye I can already visualise *Twenty Years in Corvettes* bursting on an exhausted public somewhere around 1960."

EAST COAST CORVETTE (Cassell. 2s.) is fully as good as its predecessor, which is true praise. It is as terse, as humorous, as dramatic, and written in the same form, as a collection of notes on men at sea. After two years in corvettes in Western Approaches, or what most of us would call the North Atlantic, Lieut. Monsarrat was transferred to the East Coast, and to a newer and elegant corvette, as First Lieutenant.

"They 're damned good ships," said a friend. "Like small destroyers—all the refinements. Of course, they don't stay afloat very long."

"Why not?"

"They 're on the East Coast—at least, some of them are—and you know what that means: Hitler's front doorstep. A bomb every five seconds. E-boats for tea. Mines in your soup. Have a big gin."

"It 'll be a change from this side."

"It certainly will. Like hail after rain."

And it certainly was, though three things remained unchanged: the constant danger, the need for hair-trigger action and the unsurpassed courage of the British seaman. Recommended unreservedly.

CITY OF THE SOUL (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is the third in a trilogy of novels about secret service adventures in North Africa. Although it is not necessary to have read the first two in order to enjoy this, I now propose, having read the latest, to seek out the others and enjoy them, too. For Mr. Michael Home, who owes something to Mason and something to Buchan, is a writer with whom one has a very good time, if not a tranquil one, and I recommend his work to those who have not already discovered it.

The present book deals with the activities of one Jack Pullford, a brilliant Arabic scholar, who deliberately faked his own death in order to avoid a court-martial. For years he lived under the name of Ibrahim, and eventually acquired rank and prestige among the Senussi. Known to the British Intelligence as Brice, he was used on many dangerous missions, on one of which he encountered his own son for the first time, and found him a pilot in the R.A.F.

In the character of Sheikh Tajjid, Brice was sent to Tunis to influence the Bey of Tunis, before the Allied landings took place. Although he did not accomplish that part of his mission, he was instrumental in getting Darlan to visit North Africa, and was able to give him information on which he acted. In addition, Brice was able to provide the Eighth Army with a route across the salt marshes, so that they could cross Rommel's line of retreat. A useful fellow, in fact. In contrast with these adventures, Brice's meeting with his son and his reconciliation with a faithful wife seem tame stuff indeed.

Whether the actual facts of the North African negotiations, and the tangles of French politics there are not more exciting and more incredible still, is another point. This is still good reading, and it has been provided by one who knows his North Africa well.

Miss Shirley Darbyshire's novel is one of those stories, not rare nowadays, in which the chief protagonist is not a person but a building. Men, at least in fiction, have fought and schemed and contrived to get the one house which they imagined would alter the whole course of their lives; women have plotted and planned equally, and in many cases married, to obtain their hearts' desire set in bricks and mortar.

A HOUSE FOR CLARISSA (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is, by the same token, the tale of Densham Manor. When Mrs. Densham was a girl she came as a bride to the lovely old house, and fell in love with it. At the opening of the book she is an elderly widow, ruling the house with a hand of iron bare of any velvet glove. She is the aristocratic autocrat of her family, which is comprised notably of her repressed spinster daughter Mary, her grandson David, and her granddaughter Sarah, all of whom live in the now shabby manor.

At the beginning of the war Clarissa arrives from France, another granddaughter, an exquisite beauty recently widowed, with plenty of money and used to a life of fashion and elegance. Clarissa instals herself in the Manor, wins the old lady's heart by spending money on the house, and sets about annexing Mary's and Sarah's sweethearts for herself, while casually breaking up David's affair with the satisfactory Frances, with the object of marrying him and becoming mistress of Densham.

Mary, the submissive type hitherto, fights the grasping and sophisticated intruder by secretly marrying her Dick, and by helping Sarah defy her grandmother by joining one of the Services. Nevertheless, Clarissa inveigles David into an engagement. But when he is blinded and disfigured in a Commando raid, Clarissa abandons him and he is united with the faithful Frances.

Here is wish-fulfilment indeed for any quiet spinsters done out of their men and their mansions by hard-faced hussies from the South of France, who talk French to their maids and dress like something out of *Vogue*. Here the vile pretender's schemes are set at naught and her hollow heart exposed for all to see. All very satisfactory, and told in a good cause, but the story tends to be obvious even in its final twist, and the characters hardly come to life.

ENSURING THAT BRITAIN WILL STILL HAVE TREES AFTER THE WAR. Miss Joyce Beckham (in foreground) was once a cinema cashier: to-day she is employed by the East Anglia Forestry Commission. One of her jobs is to cook thousands of bushels of fir- and pine-cones in trays in an open oven. After the cones have been baked for five days, they open and yield seeds for the young trees which will replace the full-grown trees now being cut down for war purposes

The newest book in that excellent series, *The Face of Britain*, has been written by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, and is a review of the character and features of Hertfordshire, Surrey, Middlesex, Essex and Kent. **THE HOME COUNTIES** (Batsford. 10s. 6d.) has the illustrations that one would expect: photographs chosen with great taste and with a sensitive appreciation of a county's particular beauties, and drawings where they are necessary to clarify some detail of building, or timbering or ornament.

Mr. Mais's text is again, in the best sense of the words, exactly what one would expect; intelligent, informed and enthusiastic, with a wealth of quotation and anecdote, and a very proper respect for Cobbett, whose *Rural Rides* set the pattern for so much of this topographical writing. Cobbett, in my own view, is particularly just on the subject of Surrey, a county that has never stirred my strongest emotions.

"Everybody," he wrote, "that has been from Godalming to Guildford knows that there is hardly another such a pretty four miles in all England. The road is good; the houses are neat; the people are neat; the hills, the woods, the meadows, all are beautiful. Nothing wild or bold, to be sure, but exceedingly pretty. . . ." What an impeccable choice of words and opinion.

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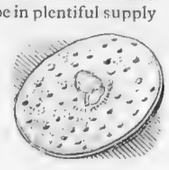

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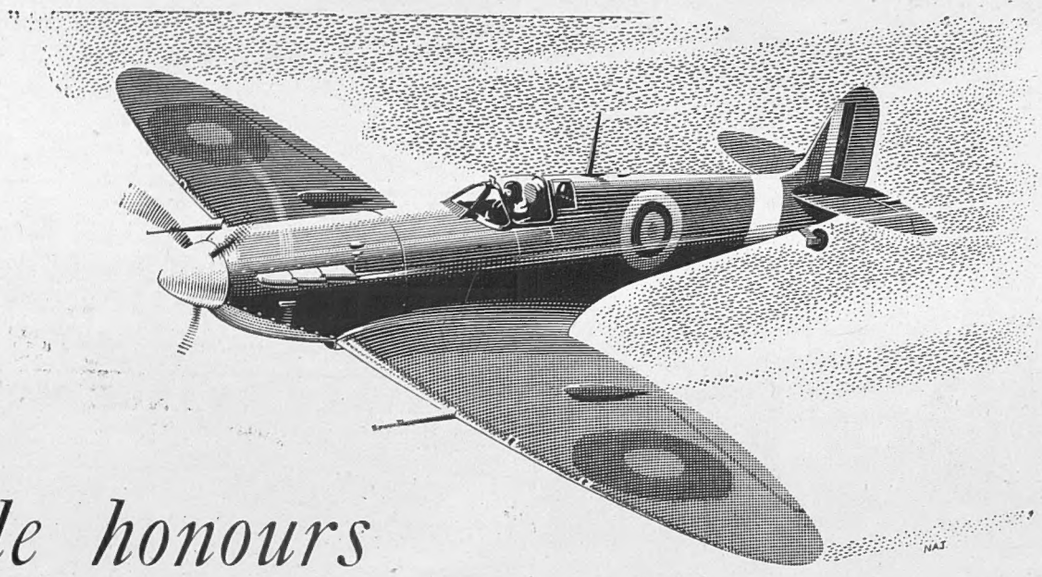

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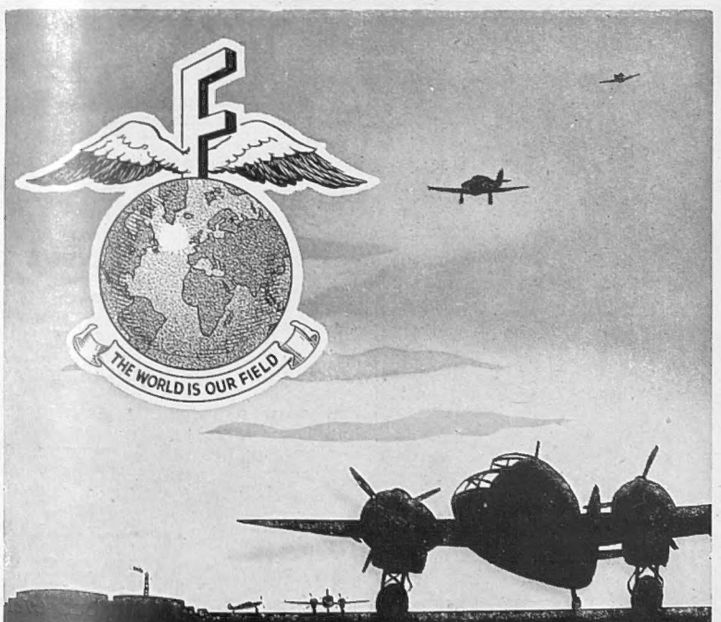

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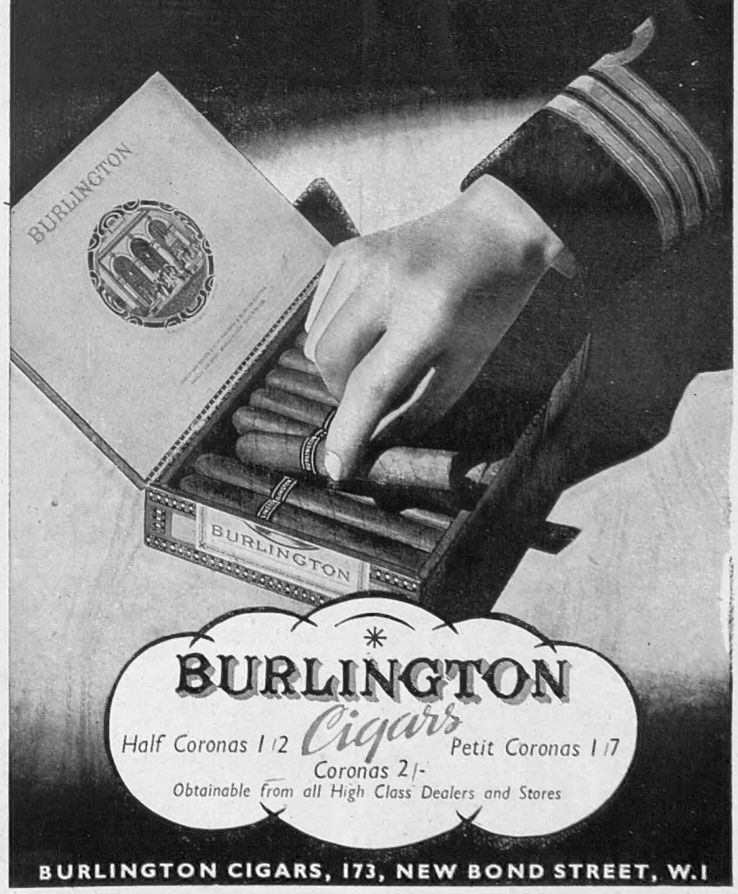

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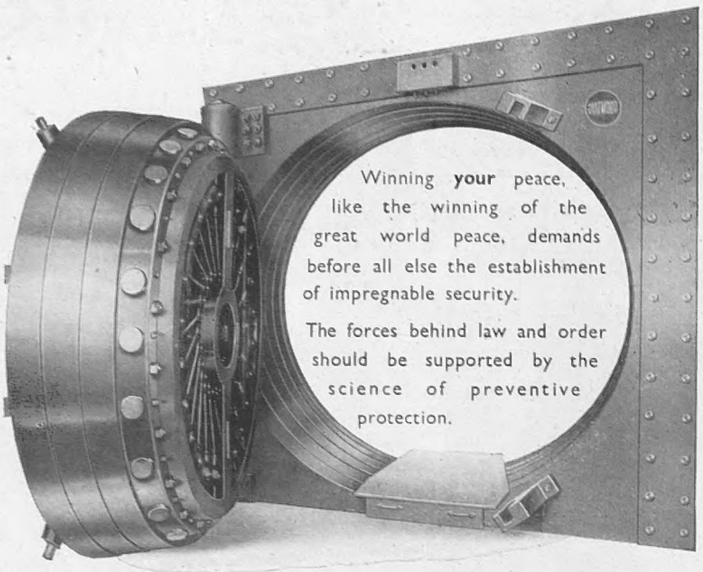

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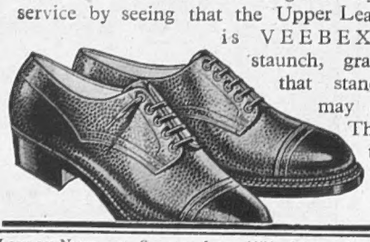

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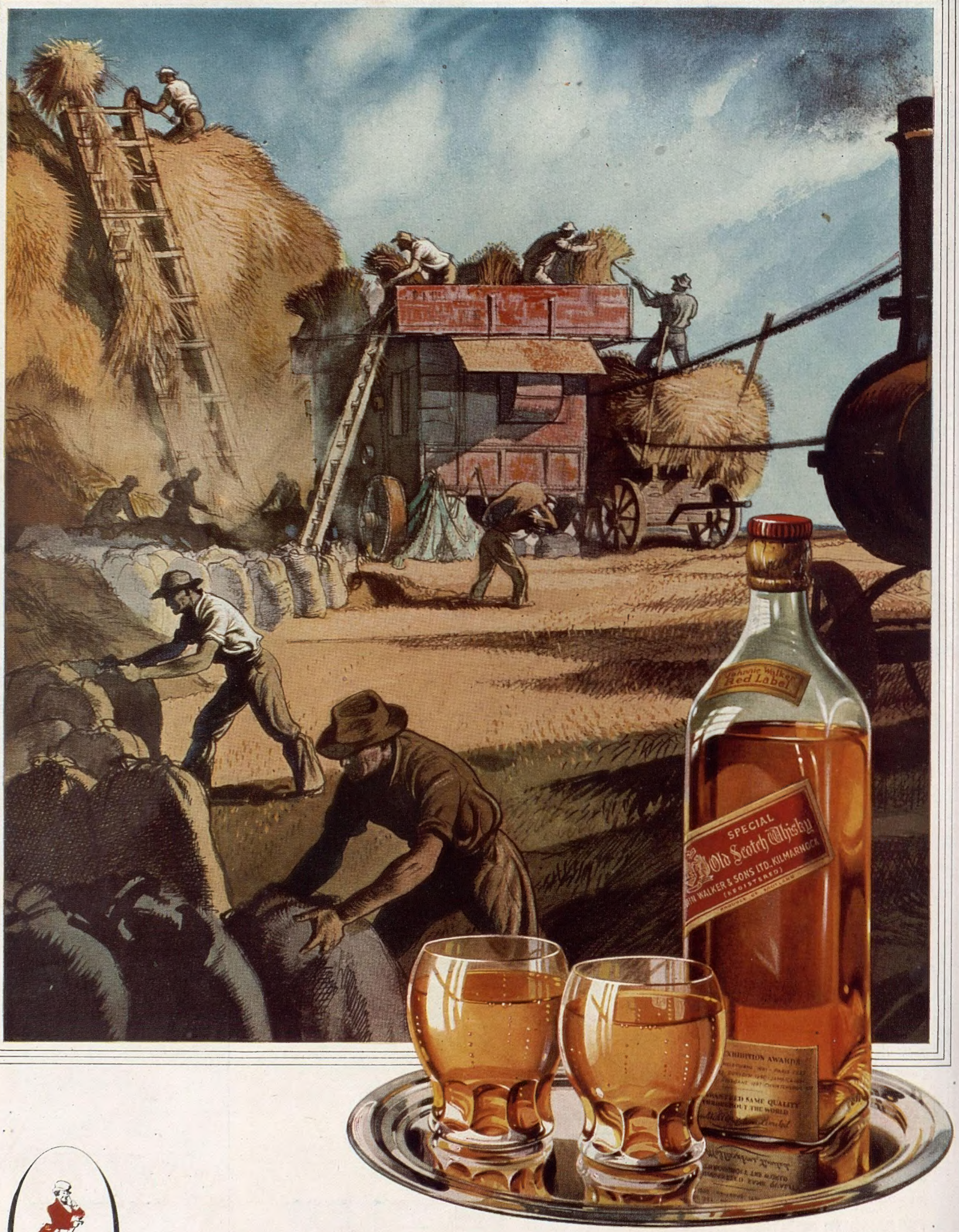

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

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